SCREENLAND

October

15¢

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Gary Cooper,
Ingrid Bergman in
"For Whom The Bell Tolls"

Gay Romance!

JEAN ARTHUR
IN "A LADY
TAKES A CHANCE"

NOV -5 1943

First anniversary of an important "marriage"

Portrait of Constance Luft Huhn by Maria de Kammerer

By **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

JUST a year ago we presented our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you who had long desired a lipstick that *really* wedded Glorious Color with Lasting Smoothness... a "happy marriage" of the two most important lipstick qualities.

By a fortunate coincidence, SATIN-FINISH was perfected when it was needed most—during these war-busy, more-busy days when there is little time for cosmetic "repair work." Your Tangee Lipstick will cling smoothly, softly... defying wind, weather, and work—giving your lips an entirely new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH. Neither too moist, nor too dry, it will keep your lips glowing with exciting color.

I promise you who have not yet tried a Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick a pleasant surprise. Try one soon—together with its companion rouge and your own most flattering shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

BEAUTY—*glory of woman...*
LIBERTY—*glory of nations...*
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED ... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED ..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of them All," harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush-rose.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

hearts are won by a lovely smile!

Make your smile your lucky charm—help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

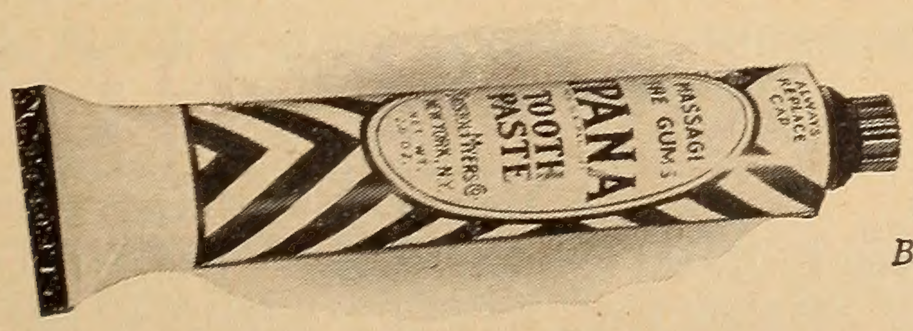
HERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! What if beauty is not your birthright? You can win friends, romance. Yes, you can conquer *with a smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. For there's a magic in a smile that flashes out with radiant charm—a magic men can't resist. But remember, for that kind of smile you need sparkling teeth. And teeth that are sound and bright depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



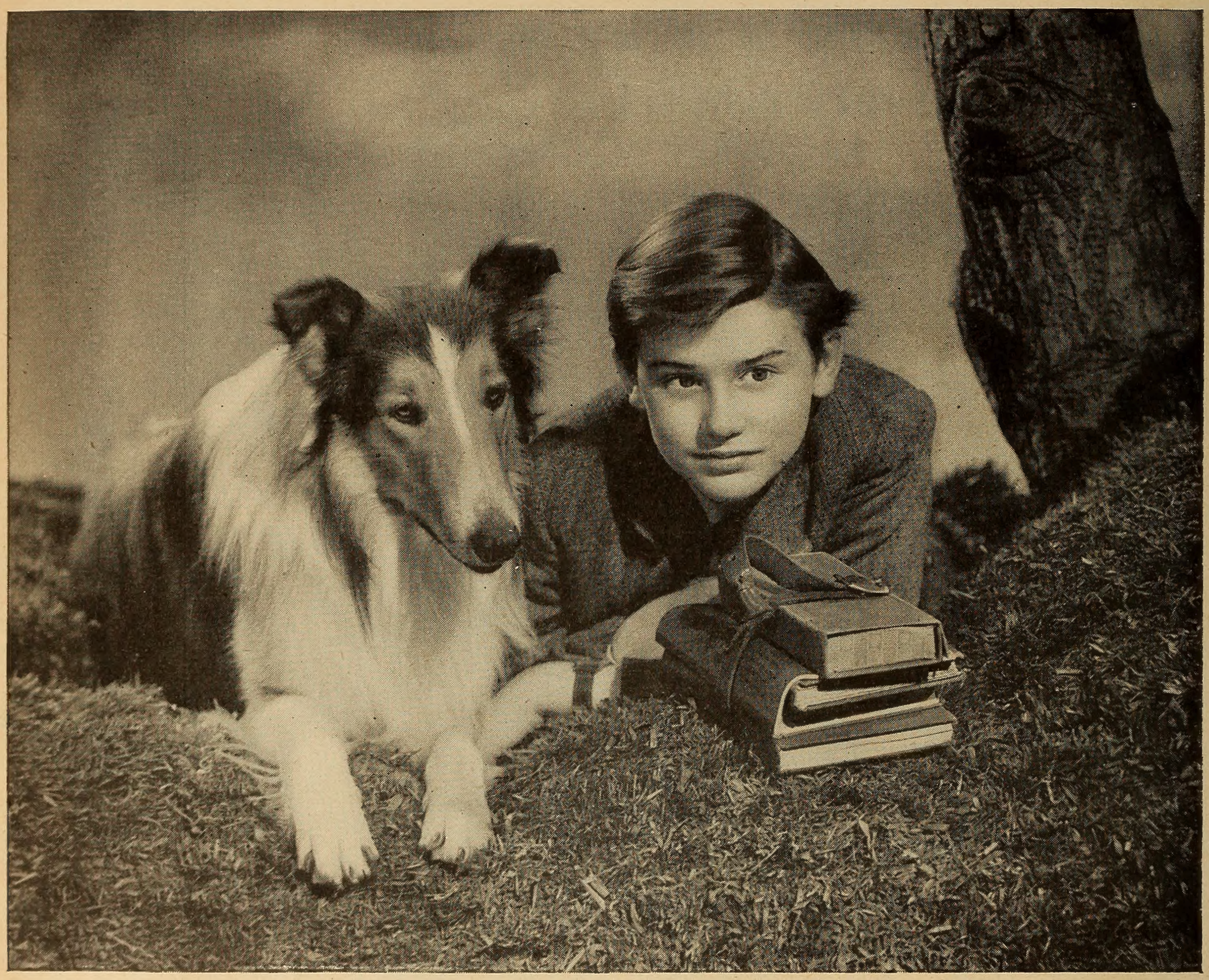
Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

A High Date-Rating goes to the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!

Just a boy and his dog . . .



From the pages of Eric Knight's great best-seller (he wrote "This Above All" too, remember?) comes a great drama. No roar of guns, no bombs, no tanks, no planes here . . . but emotion deep, human and intense in a story you'll live and love. The kind of story real people like to pass along to their friends.

M-G-M *PRESENTS THE* TECHNICOLOR *PRODUCTION*

LASSIE COME HOME

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with RODDY McDOWALL · DONALD CRISP
DAME MAY WHITTY · EDMUND GWENN
NIGEL BRUCE · ELSA LANCHESTER · LASSIE

Directed by FRED M. WILCOX • Produced by SAMUEL MARX

Screen Play by Hugo Butler
Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight

(The above advertisement is also appearing in American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Parents' and Woman's Home Companion.)

SCREENLAND

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

HOMER ROCKWELL, Executive Vice President

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

ANTHONY FERRARA, Asst. Art Director

October, 1943 Vol. XLVII, No. 6

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Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked *this* above all.

★ ★ ★ ★

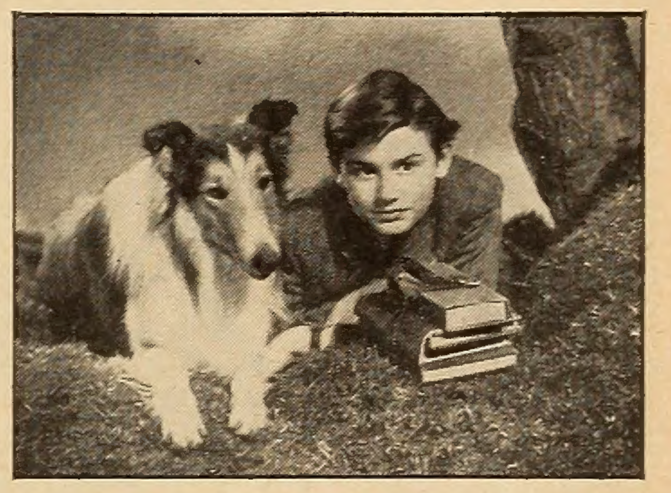
So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.



It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

★ ★ ★ ★

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—Leo

Your lovely hair will catch HIS heart

I SMILED at the fortune teller, for not so long ago my hair was so dull and mousy-looking I was heartbroken. But that was before Mary, the girl at the beauty shop—

TOLD ME ABOUT Nestle Colorinse and how it made *even the dullest* hair so much brighter and lovelier. "Colorinse," she said, "gives you the kind of hair that men can't help admiring—softer, silkier and filled with colorful sparkling highlights. And Colorinse makes your hair so much easier to comb, easier to manage." Of course, I tried it—could any girl resist? And—

WHAT A THRILLING DIFFERENCE! Bob says now that even the ring he gave me doesn't have the lovely sparkle of my hair. Incidentally, *Nestle Shampoo* BEFORE *and Nestle Superset* AFTER *Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier.*

P. S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

Nestle
COLORINSE

2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 & 10¢ stores and beauty counters

First closeup of the happy bride and groom, Janet Blair and Sergeant Louis Busch. Sergeant Busch, now band music arranger at the Santa Ana Army Air Base, met the screen star four years ago when he was a pianist-arranger and she was singing with Hal Kemp's band.

Dick Haymes, America's newest singing idol, who is called Frank Sinatra's greatest rival, has been signed to a seven-year contract for two pictures a year, by Twentieth Century-Fox. Dick, current crooning sensation of Manhattan, was formerly vocalist with Benny Goodman, Harry James and Jimmy Dorsey before embarking on a singing career on his own.

HOT from HOLLYWOOD

JUNE HAVOC will tell you in no uncertain terms that she just "loves" Jack Oakie. By that she means she loves being with him and appreciates his many qualities. Beyond that, June refuses to admit it's serious. Jack continues to live all alone in his big ranch house, once owned by Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor.

TIRELESS in war effort, Hollywood has never stopped responding to the pleas of the American Red Cross. Margaret Sullavan was one of the first to visit the blood bank and offer her pint. She knew the minimum required weight was 110 lbs. Maggie weighed 106. Somehow a brick managed to find its way into her pocket! It was a noble trick but it didn't work. The Red Cross workers were touched but la Sullavan was turned down. Back she came a month later and this time she *really* had gained the weight. Our boys are giving *all* their blood. The Red Cross asks for *just* one pint of yours. Have you given?

FIFTEEN THOUSAND attended and ten thousand were turned away when Judy Garland made her début with a symphony orchestra at Fairmount Park's famous Robin Hood Dell. Even though she shook like a leaf, Judy charmed the Philadelphia throngs. It was a great moment in the great heart of the little girl with the big voice.

WE don't mean to get personal, but Hedy Lamarr herself isn't exactly being secretive about it. About what? About her desire to raise a large family and the sooner the better. Being a young lady who usually gets what she wants, look for an announcement on the John Loders.

Melisse GOES TO PARAMOUNT'S "LET'S FACE IT"

Paramount Presents

BOB **Hope** and BETTY **Hutton**

in

"LET'S FACE IT"

with

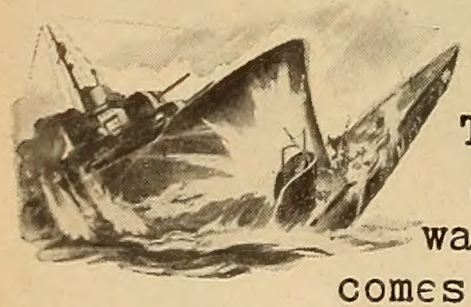
Dona Drake • Cully Richards
Eve Arden • ZaSu Pitts
Marjorie Weaver • Raymond Walburn

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a musical play by DOROTHY FIELDS, HERBERT FIELDS and COLE PORTER
Suggested by a Play by Norma Mitchell and Russell G. Medcraft

Copyrighted Paramount Pictures, Inc., 1943.

The talk of the town now turns to a remarkable picture, FIRST COMES COURAGE, in which a deeply moving romance is blended with the flaring brilliance of Commando warfare Lovely Merle Oberon and dashing Brian Aherne share the starring honors.

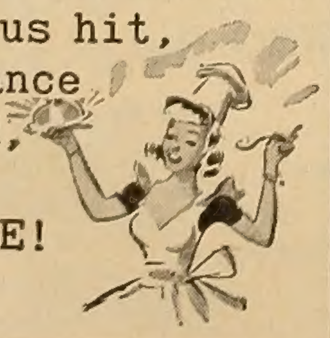
* * * * * *



Tenderness and the warmth that comes from the heart play a big part in thrilling DESTROYER, which stars Edward G. Robinson. Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman share the spotlight with Edward G., when they're not sharing zing-y kisses!

* * * * * *

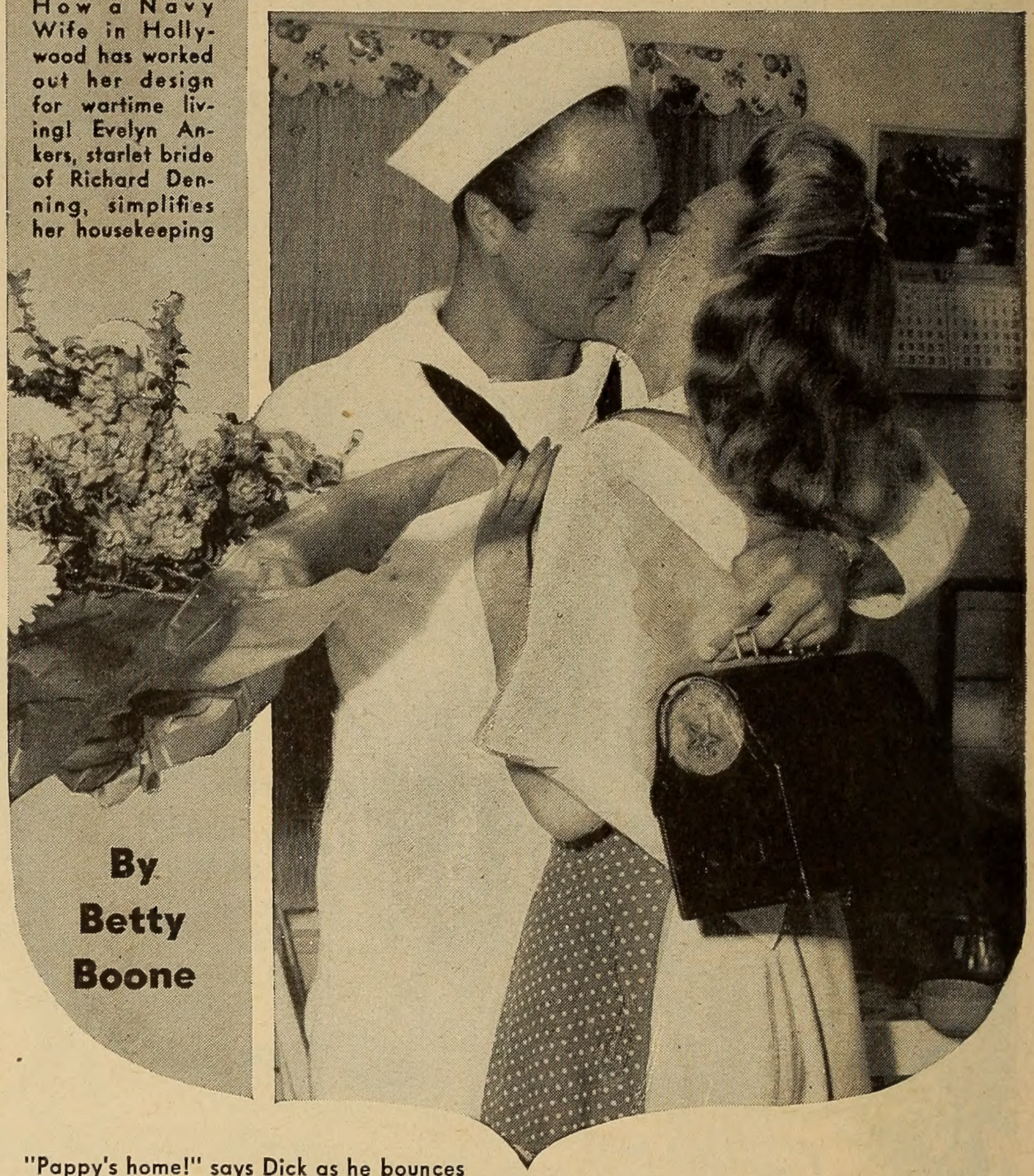
All you who roared at Charles Coburn as "Mr. Dingle" in "The More The Merrier" will be glad to hear about MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK. In this uproarious hit, Coburn's appearance has been changed, but you can't disguise a DINGLE!



ASK AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE FOR THESE COLUMBIA PICTURES

STREAMLINED LIVING

How a Navy Wife in Hollywood has worked out her design for wartime living! Evelyn Ankers, starlet bride of Richard Denning, simplifies her housekeeping



By Betty Boone

"Pappy's home!" says Dick as he bounces into the kitchen as Evelyn is preparing dinner. Hint to husbands: Don't forget flowers—they help keep the cook happy.

Evelyn says she cooks "by ear." Never consults a cook-book, but results are delicious, or so Dick says.

"IT'S Pappy, honey!" cried Richard Denning, entering the kitchen in his Navy whites, carrying a lunchbox and an enormous bouquet of flowers.

Mrs. Denning (Evelyn Ankers to you) flew to welcome him with a kiss. They are both tall and blonde and very handsome. "They go well together!" might have been written about them.

"What do we eat?" he demanded, like husbands anywhere.

"Spareribs, salad, and grapefruit pie!" caroled Evelyn.

"Not bad, honey—not bad!"

He hurried to change into "blues," and Evelyn went on with the meal.

"I make dressing with spareribs." She lifted a bowl of cooked vegetables—celery, onions, carrots and squash—from the refrigerator. "I cut up two slices of bread—today I'll use raisin and nut bread, as that's what I happen to have on hand. I mix the vegetables with the bread, moistening the whole thing with soup, instead of water, because I have a little leftover soup."

She molded the mixture swiftly into a melon shape, put it in her pan and arranged the floured spareribs over it, topped them with bacon fat and popped the pan into the oven.

"When it's hot, I'll put potatoes cut in

halves and tomatoes around the meat and finish baking. Salad tonight will be apples, carrots and raisins, since apples have an affinity for pork. I'll whip them up with a good creamy salad mayonnaise."

Dessert of grapefruit pie is Evelyn's own invention, a dish that has a great appeal for Richard.

Richard was wrestling with a cold one day when his bride was pondering the problem of what-to-feed-the-groom. She knew that cooked grapefruit is considered excellent for colds, but very much doubted if a hearty male appetite would be satisfied with sliced citrus.

She took graham crackers—"ten or twenty of them" says the artist of the cook-by-ear method, blandly—and crushed them. Blending them with a "little butter," she lined a piepan with them. Next she put a layer of grapefruit sections, covered with a sprinkling of brown sugar, then more cracker crumbs, more grapefruit, a layer of raisins, brown sugar and finally a topping of marshmallows brushed with a tablespoonful of cream. Bake this ten minutes and a more luscious dessert you never tasted. I don't know whether or not it cures colds.

Evelyn makes out her menus by taking an inventory of her ice-box, kitchen shelves and ration books.

"Leftovers usually give me ideas. I cook by imagination, so when I see a scrap of cold chicken, a bowl of cooked peas, a wedge or two of cheese, a stalk of celery and a few lettuce leaves, I sort of combine them in my mind. Right there is material for a grand luncheon salad. Snip them up, mix with a tasty dressing and serve on a lettuce leaf.

"If I have had lamb stew and some of the thick gravy is left, there's the beginning of a delicious soup. I add vegetables and seasoning. I practically never throw anything out!"

She scrupulously saves fat from her cooking, strains it into a can and takes filled cans to her butcher, as all Uncle Sam's nieces are urged to do.

Evelyn Ankers had found her way around a kitchen only three times in her life before she married Richard Denning in September, 1942.

Evelyn (she pronounces it Eeevelyn) has traveled more than 150,000 miles since she was born in Valparaiso, Chile. Her first ten years were spent in South America

(*Please turn to page 14*)

The young and handsome Richard Dennings have an evening of fun making, playing their own records.

a love like Hers...

a man doesn't leave it behind... it is part of his courage whatever he does, wherever he goes...

The play that won the Critics' Award as "The Year's Best" brought to the screen by

WARNER BROS.

Bette Davis

The prize performance of her prize-winning career!... Co-starred with

PAUL LUKAS

in his famed stage role

WATCH ON THE RHINE

A HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

LUCILE WATSON · BEULAH BONDI · GEORGE COULOURIS

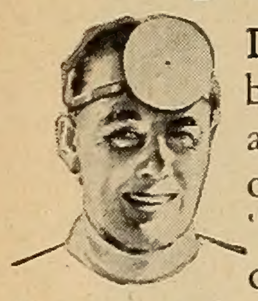
Directed by HERMAN SHUMLIN, who staged it for Broadway

From the Stage Play by Lillian HELLMAN · Screen Play by Dashiell Hammett

Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Lillian Hellman · Music by Max Steiner

It's high time you discovered this

(this Tampax principle long known to doctors)



Don't wait another month before investigating Tampax and investigating it thoroughly! This principle of "internal absorption" is an old one to doctors, but *Tampax* makes it available to women in general—with neat disposable applicators for easy insertion. You can buy this modern sanitary protection in *three absorbencies:* Regular, Super, Junior.

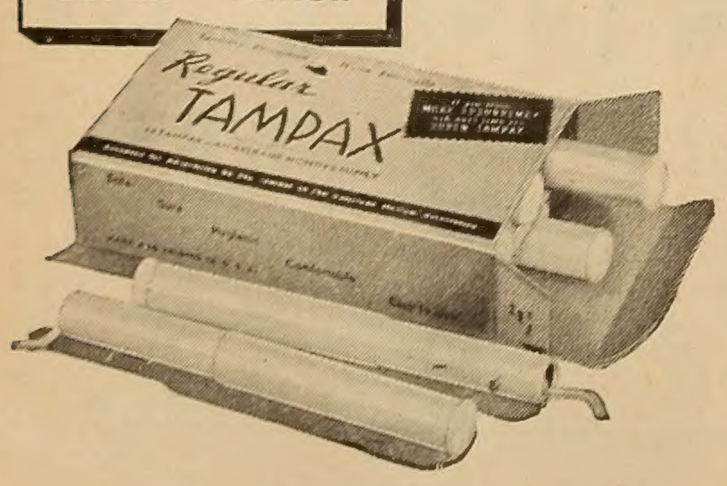
When Tampax is in place you cannot feel it! And it creates no bulge, bunch or "line" in any costume—not even in slacks or a swim suit. No belts, pins or pads. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and very easy to dispose of. Tampax is dainty, simple and convenient.

Tampax saves time for the active, busy woman. It saves embarrassment for the sensitive woman. And it preserves the "silhouette" of the smart woman. It is made of long-fiber surgical cotton, extremely absorbent. So compact that an average month's supply will slip into your purse. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Bargain Economy Package contains 4 months' requirements. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



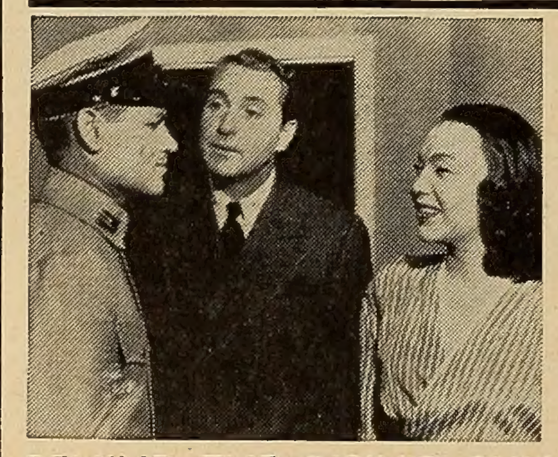
Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Paramount

One of the great pictures of all time, this translation of Ernest Hemingway's famous novel actually lives up to much of its advance publicity. True to the book in mood and action, the Hollywood version has the advantage of the finest camera work, in Technicolor, yet seen on the screen. Thanks to Sam Wood's virile yet always sensitive direction, and a gallery of great lifesize portraits of the memorable characters from the book, FWTBT will hold your interest throughout most of its 2 hours and 50 minutes' unreeling. From the moment *Robert Jordan* (Gary Cooper) arrives in the mountains on his mission to blow up the bridge, until its heroic accomplishment you will experience the heartbreak and hope, the high tragedy and terror of the Spanish Civil War, alongside the picturesque and indomitable gypsies who fought it. Exquisite love scenes glorify Ingrid Bergman as *Maria.* Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamiroff great as *Pilar* and *Pablo.* Gary Cooper's *Roberto* is pallid in comparison, but he is perfect teammate for Bergman. You MUST see it.



BEHIND THE RISING SUN

RKO-Radio

Here is no manufactured "Jap atrocity" film, but a highly dramatic, keenly contrived drama based upon the facts contained in James Young's book. Carefully avoiding the deliberately sensational, it is a picture which should be seen for its authentic information as well as its pulse-stirring scenes. The story concerns a wealthy Japanese, a former liberal, who urges his Cornell-educated son to throw in his lot with the new order which dreams of world conquest. Service in China with the Jap invaders turns the boy into a brutal militarist who would destroy the girl who loves him and the Americans who had befriended him. Highlights: exciting fight between an American boxer and a huge Jap wrestler; J. Carrol Naish's fine performance as the father, Margo's as the Japanese girl.

HERS TO HOLD

Universal

The presence of Joseph Cotten in his first romantic rôle supplies a much-needed fillip to Deanna Durbin's rather too placid film life. It's Cotten, as a fascinating love-'em-and-leave-'em character, who invades Cinderella Durbin's cinematic privacy and teases her into giving an alluring performance of a débutante turned defense worker. The fact that the heroine's motive is at first a frank yen for Mr. Cotten rather than the call of patriotism may upset some Durbin fans, but even they will admit the star shows exceptional sparkle, especially in the love scenes. Highlights: home movie sequence in which Charles Winninger as Deanna's doting dad runs off scenes from early Durbin movies, a nostalgic note; lively action in the Vega aircraft plant, and Gus Schilling's gay performance.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

Disney-United Artists

For the air-minded, the month's most fascinating film! It's a full-length cartoon in Technicolor based on the book by Major Alexander P. de Seversky, combining the inimitable Disney caricatures with "live" action, adding the Major's voice expounding his theories in a learned lecture with slides. The Disney genius is evident in the drawings depicting the history of aviation from the first flight of the Wright Brothers, through the part played by air power in World War I, to illustrations of air might in today's conflict. All-out Disney fans may be disappointed in his latest feature as entertainment, but they can hardly fail to be impressed by the novel manner of presentation and the infinite possibilities which it opens up for future films.

(*More Reviews on Page 67*)

Old Friends are Best

YOU may not see them for weeks, months, years, but when the emergency arises there they are . . . willing, solicitous, trustworthy.

Many of you can remember your old family doctor and his little black bag with Listerine Antiseptic tucked in the corner. You felt better the minute he entered the house.

You can remember, too, the first time you were hurt and facing the danger of infection—a cut finger, a skinned toe, a cold coming on—how Mother brought Listerine Antiseptic out of the medicine cabinet to help you through your trouble. You felt good about that, too.

Aside from keeping abreast of the advances in medicine and bacteriology, doctors haven't changed greatly, nor has Listerine Antiseptic. In any home, their friendly presence lends, as always, a feeling of protection and confidence.

Make a friend of Listerine Antiseptic. It is a trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies when your doctor, deluged with really serious cases, may be delayed in coming.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"The same advice I gave your Dad . . .
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, *often"*

More than sixty years in service

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

ALICE FAYE AND JAMES ELLISON, IN "THE GANG'S ALL HERE,"
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

"Your own heart tells you,"
says Alice Faye

"a girl's hands must be soft for romance." Don't think such charming hands are not for you. They easily can be—if you make regular use of Jergens Lotion. Jergens helps *prevent* the roughness and chapping that seem so forbidding. This lovely lotion gives you specialized, almost professional hand care.

"How the Stars help keep their hands romantic." The Hollywood Stars care for their delightful hands with Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. They probably know, 2 of the ingredients in Jergens are the very ones many doctors use to help grubby, rough skin to heavenly softness, young-looking smoothness. No sticky feeling. Use Jergens Lotion—as Alice Faye does.

JERGENS LOTION for soft, adorable Hands

Streamlined Living

Continued from page 9

where her father was an engineer; but she went to schools in London, made her stage début in Colombia, and later played on stage and screen in England, New York and Hollywood.

Her first cooking hint came from a French chef in Paris, who was addressing Evelyn's mother at the time. "Never," he cried, dramatically, "cook a chicken with the breast *up*. Lay him breast *down* in your pan so the juices run into the white meat and keep it tender and not dry."

The little girl heard and remembered. Several years later, the cook of the Ankers menage was away for the day, Evelyn's mother was ill, and a chicken reposed in the refrigerator. "I'll cook it," offered the daughter of the house. She did so, with the aid of several directions called from her mother's bedroom, and it was delicious. "There's nothing to cooking," she decided then and there.

Next time, many months later, she tackled a turkey, which also turned out to be toothsome. Finally, she bowed out of the kitchen with the preparation of spaghetti and meat balls.

In the midst of her motion picture career she married. Richard was joining the Navy, giving up his motion picture salary for that of a Yeoman 3-C, so there was no question of Brentwood, swimming-pools and the glamor-star home life so often pictured. The young Dennings rented a four-room apartment and Evelyn announced that she would do all her own work. There was nothing to cooking, as she remembered. So for New Year's Day, 1943, she invited ten people to dinner!

"Everyone gave me cook-books when we married," recounted Evelyn, "but the only times I've ever looked into one whatever I was trying to make didn't turn out right. I suppose I cook by ear, so when I carefully measure out so much baking powder, so much flour, so much salt or sugar, I do it all wrong. When I just throw in what I happen to have around, everything's wonderful.

"Not that I care to entertain ten people at dinner often in a tiny place like ours. Our dining room will seat six people in a pinch; it's more comfortable with four. But we had been entertained ourselves by this one and that one and Dick's mother suggested that we might as well pay them all back at once. That seemed reasonable to us.

"I cooked a big ham—please remember this was before ration points! I'd seen lovely pictures of hams with pineapple wedges on top, so I cooked mine with pineapple. Then I had five kinds of vegetables, an enormous gelatine salad, and three kinds of dessert. I put everything on the dining room table, set up three card tables in the playroom, and we all helped ourselves.

"I was a little worried at first, because it was my first big dinner. Poor Dick must have been frightfully anxious but he was afraid to come into the kitchen. He half-opened the door, peeped in around it and said: 'How you comin', honey?' I was decorating the salad. It was a huge affair of fruit in gelatine, topped with cottage cheese, and I was busily making a pattern on it with mayonnaise. I didn't know you could buy those decorator tubes; I thought you used an envelope and squeezed the stuff out of a rolled spill, so I was doing that when he spoke. I looked around at him and said: 'All right—won't be long now!'—and with that I must have given an extra squeeze to the tube, for out plopped the entire contents all over everything! My pat-

tern was ruined. I felt like an artist after somebody's slashed his masterpiece. But then I saw how funny I was, so I scraped off the mess and made a new pattern. The dinner was a success."

When the war is over, the Dennings hope to build a small house in Santa Monica facing the ocean, preferably high on the Palisades on account of the view, but at any rate where they can enjoy the beach. They spend every spare moment now down by the water, so why not live there and save mileage, says Richard?

In the meantime, money the Dennings might spend for higher rent goes into war bonds. Their present apartment was taken over from Evelyn's stand-in, complete with all the larger pieces of furniture. The bride and groom brought in their pictures and personal effects, bought a few good smaller pieces, lamps, curtains and drapes and settled in to enjoy whatever time together the Navy permits.

They arranged the former living room as a playroom, delighting in "gags." For instance, Universal Studios crowned Evelyn the queen of horror pictures because she had screamed her way through any number from "Son of Dracula" to "The Mad Ghoul." The list of these films, each on its separate painted sign, was hung beneath a grinning skull and presented to the young actress, who brought it home and solemnly bestowed it on her husband. Richard gave it a Spanish sombrero, a serape, a cigar and a dagger and stood it behind the gay little bar that came with the apartment.

"We have no liquor, so you see the bartender is dead for the duration," he commented.

Evelyn had a beautiful time fixing up the bedroom. She made a bedspread with navy-blue-and-white striped ruffles and pillow slips, and a vanity stool to match.

"I made the stool from a nail keg," she exulted, "padded it and sewed on ruffles. I made my own lamp shades, too, threading elastic through the silk ruffles so I can take them off and on for laundering." She has a washing machine which she operates herself.

"Housekeeping in a tiny place like this isn't difficult. Once when I was working pretty hard and had to get up in the dark to be at the studio on time, I thought I'd better have a maid. But after she'd been around for a few hours and I'd tried to show her how I like things done, I decided it was easier to do the things myself."

Katherine Booth was a model before starting her film career. Watch for this auburn-haired beauty in M-G-M's "Swing Shift Maisie."

Why Cupid quit in the case of Claire!

The Plot: **Is it really over between them? Does Jack's letter say an end to the happy plans they made together?**

How easy to take love for granted, to think it's yours for keeps. How quickly romance can fade if a girl forgets to guard precious charm. Poor, foolish Claire, to take chances with underarm odor!

The Clue: **Claire's evenings are lonely. One night in a magazine she reads: "Baths only take care of *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor, use Mum!"**

The Rescue: **"I was *silly*, I was reckless to take chances with love! I'll never skip Mum again. Half a minute like this will protect charm all day or evening!"**

Underarm odor is the enemy of your charm! Play safe—with Mum! In 30 seconds, you smooth on Mum—it's *quick!* Then you won't offend all day or all evening. Mum is dependable.

And Mum is safe—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering. Millions of women prefer Mum!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe and dependable. Use it this way, too!*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

pictures in a lighter vein to provide complete relaxation for everyone. Our minds need a rest as well as our bodies.

I recommend, and believe I share the feelings of all uniformed men, that Hollywood provide more musicals and comedies with such stars as Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Fred Astaire, Martha Raye, Kay Kyser, Jack Oakie, Eleanor Powell, Dorothy Lamour, Ann Miller and others.

How about taking up the cudgels, SCREENLAND?

SGT. BEN SCHNEIDER, Memphis, Tenn.

The lovable tow-headed moppet who played *Ulysses* in "The Human Comedy" was not content with stealing the show from veterans Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan and Fay Bainter, but also captured my heart. I'm speaking of Jack Jenkins.

I have thought of him a lot, for the native flair for sensitive acting he showed in that picture indicates that if handled properly, he will some day become an adult artist.

I hope he will not be handicapped by reaching stardom as a child, though, for it is generally recognized that the public does not accept child-idols as adult performers. Instead of stardom, this little tyke should be permitted to develop gradually his gift for acting.

But right now, let him lend his childish charm, his velvety-eyed appeal, his wistful eagerness to many other motion pictures.

I nominate little Jackie my favorite child-actor—Star of the Future.

R. J. BUTNER, Indianapolis. Ind.

This is an Open Letter to Hollywood about Helmut Dantine.

"Oh, yes, I remember now. He was the Nazi flyer captured by *Mrs. Miniver*. He was the Nazi commandant in 'Edge of Darkness.'" Nazi, Nazi, Nazi, that's all I hear when I mention the name of Helmut Dantine.

So many actors, when typed, lose out in Hollywood, so please, don't type Mr. Dantine. Such a man as this one, with his rugged handsomeness, would make a wonderful romantic leading man if producers and directors would only wake up and pay some attention to him.

Every time I see Helmut Dantine on the screen he's pushing someone around—Nazi style—or getting killed himself. For heaven's sake give him the kind of parts he deserves! In my opinion, Dantine could handle any part assigned to him and do a swell job.

BETTY BROWN, Raleigh, N. C.

Until I saw "Assignment in Britanny," I shunned war pictures as much as was possible. Like all other people in America, I wanted fun and laughter when I went to a movie. I went to this show for the sole purpose of having something to do and, ever since then, I've been seeing it again and again in my mind. Pierre Aumont is the reason. He made this simple war picture, the plot being of the general run, into a movie that will live forever in the minds of American girls. His blond handsomeness turned my heart over and over. His charm far surpasses the male leads of our Hollywood today. His smile, which he seldom used, was the most intriguing male smile I've ever seen.

DAISY FOSTER, Chadron, Neb.

Sure, I have a favorite star I would like to nominate for an Oscar—"My Friend Flicka."

Perhaps, because as a child I, too, dreamed of owning a "yellow" colt, this tenderly human story by Mary O'Hara appealed to me, and when I saw spirited, defiant *Flicka* it was like a dream come true.

Roddy McDowall plays the part of *Ken McLaughlin,* the boy who almost gave his life for his horse, Preston Foster as the father and Rita Johnson as the mother are well cast, but it is *Flicka* that steals the show—and your heart.

"My Friend Flicka" is not a sophisticated romance or a colossal production; just an intensely human, down to earth story of a boy and his love for a "loco" horse, but it is as refreshing as a summer shower on our sun-baked Kansas prairie. Filmed in gorgeous Technicolor, against a background of western hills, it is a picture that brings restful forgetfulness of our own chaotic world, sending you from the theater resolved to buy another bond, that America may always be the peaceful land depicted here.

So here's a bouquet of Kansas alfalfa, *Flicka,* for a superb performance.

GLADYS E. McARDLE, Lebanon, Kans.

IRRESISTIBLE... as always!

We dedicate to the *SPARS*...

IRRESISTIBLE *Ruby Red* LIPSTICK

"Look alive!" In the service or on the home front, it's the order of the day! Achieve the right, bright look with Irresistible's gallant Ruby Red . . . an inviting, exciting complement to navy or any costume color. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer, smoother, Irresistible Lipsticks are a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO DONALD O'CONNOR

DEAR Donald:

As the second great Donald in the history of motion pictures, I salute you. And you know you remind me a little of D. Duck, at that. You two Dons both knock yourself out entertaining us. I really think you'd accomplish the same results with less effort, if you don't mind my saying so.

Don't get me wrong—I'm a great admirer of both of you. And I don't have to tell *you,* with all your fan mail, that you are a sensation. As the new boy wonder of Hollywood you keep us all chuckling—and especially the soldiers who have seen you in "Mr. Big." One of them said to me the other day, "Say, who is this Donald O'Connor? Here we had been having a steady diet of these 'big' pictures with plenty of stars; lots of war pictures, too, with big scenes. But for our money we'll take O'Connor—'Mr. Big' is our idea of a 'big' picture."

It always takes the movie audience to "discover" a Don O'Connor. Big names may be forced down their throats but let a smart company like Universal unearth a talent like yours and give it a chance and a new star is born. And now that you're a "big" star yourself don't try quite so hard. You don't have to. You've got everything, so take it easy. Jitterbugs will date but a personality like yours is good forever, if you ease up on the mugging and gestures. Good luck to you, little "Mr. Big."

Delight Evans

New screen sensation Donald O'Connor is just eighteen. Above, a spot of jitterbug stuff with Peggy Ryan, Donald's co-star in Universal's motion picture, "Top Man." Below, just three expressive closeups of Don from his new film, "This Is the Life," in which he appears with Susanna Foster.

BETTY GRABLE'S

Marriage

The Pin-Up Girl tells our star reporter her own story of her romance with Harry James

By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE may be two people in this world who are happier than Betty Grable and Harry James, but I'm sure I don't know them. Newlyweds have a way of being rather revolting to people who aren't newlyweds—thereby causing them to take two aspirin and a double shot of something after an afternoon spent with them. But Betty and Harry are different. Marriage becomes them. It has made them even more attractive than before, if that's possible. Of course Betty still shakes a little from the excitement of it all, and Harry blushes shyly like a yokel local fresh from a strawberry festival. You'd never take him for the most popular young man in America today.

"It happened so fast I have a hard time believing it's true," Betty told me two days after she had said "I do" in Las Vegas, Nevada. "Harry called me Thursday and proposed over long distance. I'm afraid I fairly threw myself at him. Instead of a coy this-is-so-sudden, or a girlish I'll-have-to-think-it-over, I shouted 'Yes' so loudly that the New York operator evidently thought my conduct too brazen and interrupted with 'Mr. Harry James calling—' as if I didn't know. I told him I wanted a quiet wedding without any fuss, so we decided to meet in Las Vegas the Monday morning after the Fourth. The studio gave me an hour off for lunch on Friday, so I rushed out and bought a new dress at the nearest shop. No prospective bride ever bought a wedding dress faster than I did. All I know is that it was blue with no yellow on it—Harry's one pet superstition is that he won't have any yellow around him."

Before Betty became Mrs. Harry James she was a pessimist about love. She belonged to that lucky-in-business-unlucky-in-love school of thought. Her friends used to say to her, "Betty, you've had marvelous luck in your career, but you have the damnedest luck in your romances." And when shortly after she broke off with George Raft and started going with Harry James (who was still married though he and his wife had been separated for a year and a half) her friends clucked dismally, "Betty, you dope, there you go again." With this constantly being dinned in her ears Betty decided, "I'm so happy and successful in my job, I guess it's expecting too much to be happy and successful in love." So when the attractive Harry James fell in love with her last March, and she with him, she refused to let him propose until he was free to marry her. "There's no use crowding Fate," she said. On the last Thursday in June, Louise Tobin James obtained a divorce in Juarez, Mexico. The first thing Harry did was to call Betty up from New York and propose.

"I told Mother that night I was going to marry Harry," Betty continued, "and she was awfully pleased. It seems that Harry with his quiet old-fashioned gallantry had asked her for 'her daughter's hand in marriage.' Mother just couldn't resist that. She thinks Harry is the most wonderful man ever."

Along with Edith Wasserman, (*Please turn to page 64*)

The happy newlyweds, on facing page, home after their hectic marriage. Top, this page, Grable of the famous gams helps to scrap the Axis by demonstrating the best way to test an object for copper before you turn it in to your movie theater's "for-the-duration" copper, brass, and bronze program. Your theater manager will give you a free ticket to a copper matinée. Right, Betty in costume for "Rosie O'Grady," her latest musical romance for 20th Century-Fox.

A girl's best bet for landing beaux
Is lovely hair that shines and glows!

No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

SMART FOR A WARTIME WINTER! Colorful, printed wool, cut on slim, simple lines—to save precious material without making you look plain and drab. And this simple but interesting hair-do—to save precious time and show off the shining splendor of your locks, after a shampoo with Special Drene!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair . . . aglow with enchanting highlights! So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with *Hair Conditioner*

THE MAN WHO'S HAD *Everything*

Spencer Tracy thirteen years later! Candid closeup of "Spence" personally and professionally, by the one writer who knows him best

By

S. R. Mook

THIRTEEN years is a long stretch in the span of anyone's life. I often ponder over the alchemy of the changes Time has wrought in Spencer Tracy since I've known him.

We met thirteen years ago when he was making his first picture—"Up The River"—a satire on gangster and prison life. Spencer was something new in Hollywood. His cockiness lacked the brashness of William Haines'—the self-assurance of Robert Montgomery's. And Spence's existed only on the screen. Off-screen he was diffident to the point of timidity but he had a geniality about him—the warmth and friendliness of a playful St. Bernard puppy.

The rave notices he received for his work in the picture didn't change him. He only wondered if he had been as good as his notices and, if so, how it had happened.

He had been working steadily in New York plays for several years but had just scored his first big hit when he came out here—*Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile." It was stark drama and, as I said, his first picture was a comedy—a rollicking, rousing farce.

The old Fox company, dubious about putting a dramatic actor into a comedy, had signed him for the one picture with an option for a contract. When the picture was (*Please turn to page 72*)

First interview! Left, Dick Mook and Tracy, thirteen years ago when "Spence" was making his first movie. Far left, in his latest, "A Guy Named Joe," with Irene Dunne.

Ginger Rogers and her husband, Marine Jack Briggs.

Meet *Claudia*

OTHERWISE DOROTHY McGUIRE

By Elza Schallert

LIFE for Dorothy McGuire, the young actress who is being introduced on the screen in "Claudia," has been one quick, brilliant, streamlined upsweep.

First of all, there was her over-night success in the play of the same name by Rose Franken, which followed a comparatively brief and haphazard experience in the professional theater. Dorothy herself was an instant hit. The show went into a long run in New York, and later toured. Meanwhile its triumphant young star was signed to a film contract by that super top-notch (especially since "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca") cinema-maker, David O. Selznick. When it looked as if he might quit making pictures for a while his contract with Dorothy was speedily transferred to Twentieth Century-Fox and now that smart organization is sponsoring her début with a zeal that has seldom been equalled.

The whole pattern of Dorothy's career thus far has, of course, had "Claudia" as its major motif. She has identified herself indelibly with the play's heroine So true is this that when she was *(Please turn to page 74)*

Here's Dorothy in title rôle of "Claudia" as Bob Young's child-wife. Top, love scene with Reggie Gardiner as *Claudia* experiments with sophistication.

BOB TAYLOR was having a shine in the M-G-M barbershop. "Say, Bob, we're going to sneak 'Bataan' at Huntington Park tonight," a producer said from beneath a coat of shaving lather in the next chair.

"Swell, thanks," said Bob, jumping up. "I've got to get to a telephone right away. Promised young Bob Walker I'd let him know."

Two hours later Bob Tayor was at the studio auto gate to meet Bob Walker, who has done the unheard of by starting his film career "on top of the heap." A real Horatio Alger, if Hollywood ever saw one.

"Come along in my car," said Bob T. to Bob W.

"I think you'd better come along with us," Bob W. replied, "if you don't mind."

Bob T. opened the door. To his surprise, sitting low in the seat was Mrs. Walker—who is, as you know, Jennifer Jones.

"Phil (Bob wooed and won her and married her when her name was Phil, and he still calls her Phil) isn't supposed to be going to previews until her picture, 'The Song of Bernadette,' is finished. But she couldn't resist. She had to come along," Bob W. explained to Bob T.

So it was the three of them sat in the Huntington Park theater and saw "Bataan." Bob Taylor's name flashed on the screen. There was a hearty round of applause. Bob W. glanced over at Bob T., half-wondering to himself if Hollywood wasn't still a dream. He knocked on the wood of the arm rest of his seat. Here he was! Bob Taylor, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz on his left. The newly acclaimed Miss Jennifer Jones, his very own Phil, on his right. He was about to see what kind of a movie actor this Bob Walker would prove to be.

"Phil squeezed my hand when I came on the screen. Personally I had a very uncanny feeling," Bob W. said. "She kept pinching my hand excitedly. She was rooting for me, as she always has. Even when the going was toughest—when Hollywood turned us down flat and we had to return to New York and live in a one-room apartment and share the bath with four families—Phil never for a moment let me down. She was always there—encouraging, believing in me. A fellow can't be a complete bust with a wife like that."

Needless to say the sneak preview of "Bataan" only confirmed the opinion of the executives of the studio, who had run it earlier in a projection room of M-G-M. When young Bob Walker came on the screen, one producer nudged another—and the nudges went right down the row, with elation at the discovery of a new

First picture, top left, of Bob Walker in new rôle with Greer Garson in "Madame Curie." Next, family album photo of Bob at the age of one year—he's the cherub in the center, with his mother and two of his three brothers, snapped in Salt Lake City twenty-two years ago. Left, M-G-M's two Bobs: Taylor and Walker, seen together in "Bataan."

THAT NEW BOY BOB WALKER

star. Louis B. Mayer had done it again! Bob Walker was a natural. As for the preview cards, they were ninety percent raves for Bob W.

The next day Bob was put into "Madame Curie" as the juvenile love interest of Academy Award Winner Greer Garson, to share third billing in another of the studio's most important pictures of the year. And then, as if Lady Luck hadn't sufficiently indulged him already, young Bob W. was announced for the title rôle in "See Here, Private Hargrove"—and slated in advance for the lead in the next Judy Garland starrer.

Not even Bob Taylor or Clark Gable ever had such phenomenal luck. What actor ever has so quickly zoomed to stardom?

"It's just a fluke, my being in pictures at all," Bob said. Bob is 24, six feet tall, lean and broad-shouldered, with a mop of light brown, unruly curly hair. His eyes are light blue, and dimples flash on his bronzed cheeks when he smiles—reminding you of Dennis Morgan. It is with particular pride that we write this introduction of Bob—for he is from our own home town, Ogden, Utah. We went to the same school, Central Junior High. For the past four years, when Bob summer-vacationed at home with his parents, the Ogden *Standard Examiner* gave him a glowing write-up. A write-up that said the usual thing: The home-town boy who was on the radio in New York, who had a promising future.

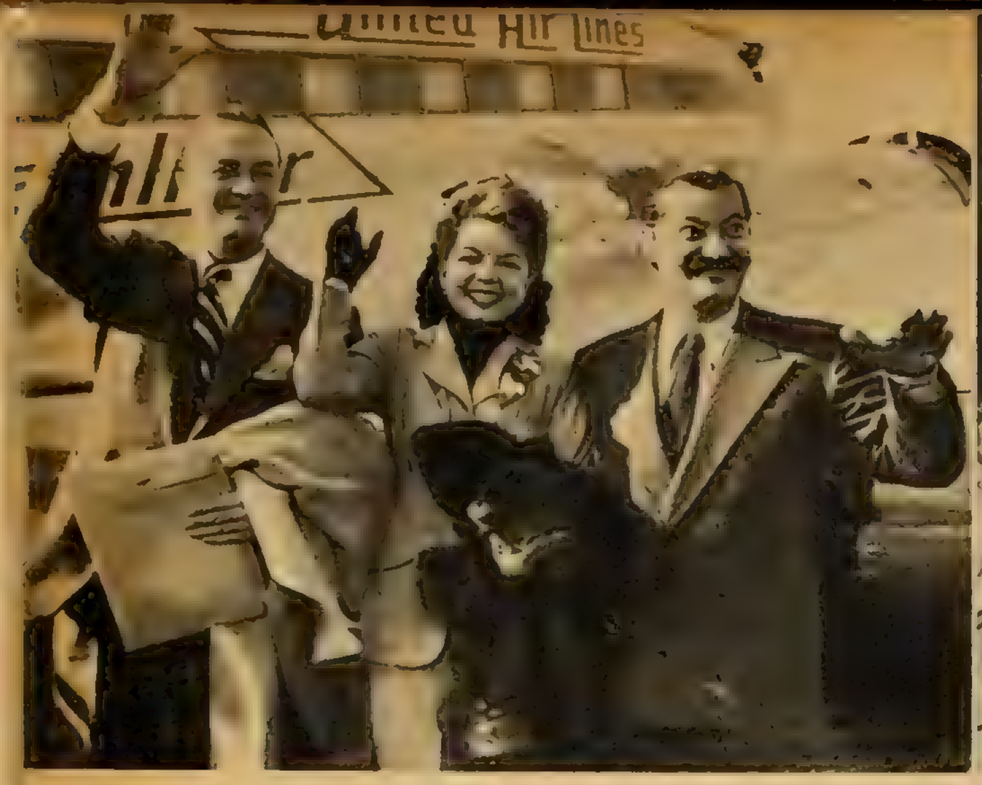
"It was sort of embarrassing for a while," Bob admitted. "Each summer when I came home, the paper would call and ask the same questions. I could only give the same answers. Nothing new or spectacular. I think they were just being very polite.

"I never thought all of this could happen, myself," he went on. "Four years ago we came out here to Hollywood, Phil and I, and we got the royal brush-off. This time, I was before the cameras the second day after I arrived.

"I had given up all thought of motion pictures for myself," Bob admitted frankly. It was late afternoon. Bob had been called into the pub- (*Please turn to page 76*)

You saw him in "Bataan" and you want to know all about him. So here's his first interview

By Rachele Randall



Crowd below is cross-section of more than 4,000 men at a tank destroyer center, assembled to laugh with Bob. Above, the comedian gives out autographs, chats with convalescent soldier who asked, "Where's Dottie?" Bob replied, "She left me. Got married. Didn't even ask me if she could."

HOORAY

Cheers for a great performer who has played before 3,000,000 soldiers in 500 camps, has raised $25,000,000 in war bonds and $250,000 for the Red Cross

Bob believes in getting close to his soldier audience. Other pictures at right below show him in action, and greeted by an officer with Frances Langford and husband Jon Hall.

Here's first closeup of Bob with Betty Hutton in Paramount comedy he completed before embarking for overseas tour: "Let's Face It."

for HOPE!

Before Bob left for overseas to entertain our boys, he carried chuckles and cheer to Army camps and hospitals, aided by Frances Langford and Jerry Colonna

Tribute to a gallant and unforgettable star—the gentle cynic, Leslie Howard

LOST IN Action

By

May Mann

THE LONDON airliner from Lisbon was ninety minutes to sea, flying a wide safety arc from its regular course, when Nazi reconnaissance planes were sighted. Leslie Howard, a passenger, scanned the sky with the others. It would be like him, even then, to chuckle, like the gentle cynic he was, "Jove, I hope those Jerrys don't think we have Churchill aboard!"

The Nazis swooped down, their guns blazing—opening full fire on the defenseless transport. Leslie indeed must have thought in that last flash second, "Well, this is it. This is the great adventure. Now we shall see————."

Had there been the slightest chance to use the rubber life rafts in the choppy waters of the Bay of Biscay, Leslie, a strong swimmer, might have escaped. There are those even now who believe he might have been picked up by an enemy fishing sloop. That he will yet turn up after the war. But last reports list Leslie Howard, soldier without uniform, as lost in action. He might well be safely making pictures in Hollywood today had he not had that inspired loyalty to serve.

War had just been declared by the British Empire when Leslie, in the midst of production plans for his next picture with Selznick, boarded a plane for New York to take the first boat to England.

"We've got to put those Germans in their place, once and for all," Leslie said. "I don't know what I can do—but I assure you I'll do something, if it's nothing more than pushing a wheelbarrow.

"I think, however," he had said, "radio will be one of the strongest weapons in this war. Telling the people the truth, counteracting that false propaganda the Germans have been putting out. I look like a slight fellow (5 feet 11 and 145 pounds) to man a gun. But thank God I can open my mouth—and I'll do it."

From London Leslie went on the air twice weekly for the B.B.C. short-wave broadcasts. He became England's most important short-wave broadcaster. He worked feverishly and constantly, making pictures under the direction of Great Britain's War Ministry, broadcasting, lecturing extensively. Appointed Britain's cultural envoy to neutral countries, under the auspices of the British Council, Leslie lectured on art and education, with particular regard for postwar potentialities, at the same time effectively presenting the Allied nation's side in the war.

Leslie Howard's career as one of the outstanding romantic actors on stage and screen, both in England and the United States, is well-known. His numerous motion pictures: "Romeo and Juliet," "Intermezzo," "Gone With the Wind," "The Invaders," "Mister V," and now "Spitfire," produced by Leslie in London (his latest film)—and his success on the London stage and Broadway are (*Please turn to page 78*)

Reading from top: May Mann, author of this story, introducing friends to Leslie Howard when he was still in Hollywood. Center, a scene from one of his best British films, "Mister V." Above, toward the amateur camera enthusiast, the days when he dreamed of directing and producing—a dream he later realized.

MAUREEN O'HARA, IN "THE FALLEN SPARROW," AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

How Her Stunning Ivory Skin-Tone can be—YOURS

Maureen O'Hara says—

"Hollywood experts advise for me a powder shade that emphasizes the ivory fairness of my skin. Like many other stars, I use Woodbury Powder. We've learned that Woodbury shades do much more than just blend with skin coloring —they give the most flattering color-tone. The exquisite *Woodbury Rachel* is my shade. It gives a clear, warm, ivory tone that means glamour, I'm told!"

Cupid will get you—

To be lucky in love, wear your Woodbury shade. Film directors helped create it. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder makes skin look smoother, younger. Choose from *Rachel*, *Natural* (Veronica Lake's shade), *Champagne Rachel* (Lana Turner's shade), *Windsor Rose* (Rita Hayworth's shade), and 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

WOODBURY POWDER

Color-Controlled

Her Matched Make-up—Maureen's rouge and lipstick shades are in the $1 box of *Woodbury Rachel*. The $1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick shades—*at no extra cost!*

By Tom Waller

"Oh, brother, does that stink!" says Milland of his own singing in "Lady in the Dark," Paramount's big new film in which Ray appears with Ginger Rogers, above. Glamor get-up below is for a sequence in the film.

GLAMOR GUY

IF YOU concede background moulds character and shapes one's philosophy, then put Ray Milland down for a realist. This will be difficult for thousands of this star's feminine admirers to do, including those kitchen maids who habitually skirmish by outposts of headwaiters for an autograph, mothers who nervously flaunt giggling daughters hoping that chance will favor them with an introduction, and girl elevator operators so distracted they miss whole floors in their pursuit of a smile.

Such things happen to Ray every time he comes to town and is booked into a suite in the Waldorf's tower right alongside the New York home of the film industry's boss, Will H. Hays. He loves it all, of course. What actor doesn't? But he never associates such incidents with glamor—a fighting word when it is applied to him; yet fairly accurate when you really know Milland, understand the tempo of Waldorf admiration, and maintain perspective by a vivid recollection of what else glamor means to Webster—"a charm on the eyes causing them to see things differently from (*Please turn to page 81)*

Ray Milland may hate glamor, but he's got it

Paramount's pet he-man relaxes at home, below, beside the lamp he picked out himself. Right below, Bill and his pretty wife discuss the Case of the Contrary Sofa. Read all about it here.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A SOFTY

Believe it or not, big Bill Bendix is just a family man at heart

By Jack Holland

AT LAST the truth is out. Bill Bendix, toughest guy on the screen, is just a home-body at heart.

I know. I dropped in on him the other day, just after he had finished his latest rôle, in "Hostages." Bill was dressed in what he called his "leisure outfit," and he had all the earmarks of a very happy, contented guy. For the first time in his life, he owned something. A house. The first home he has had since he left his papa's knee to seek his fortune.

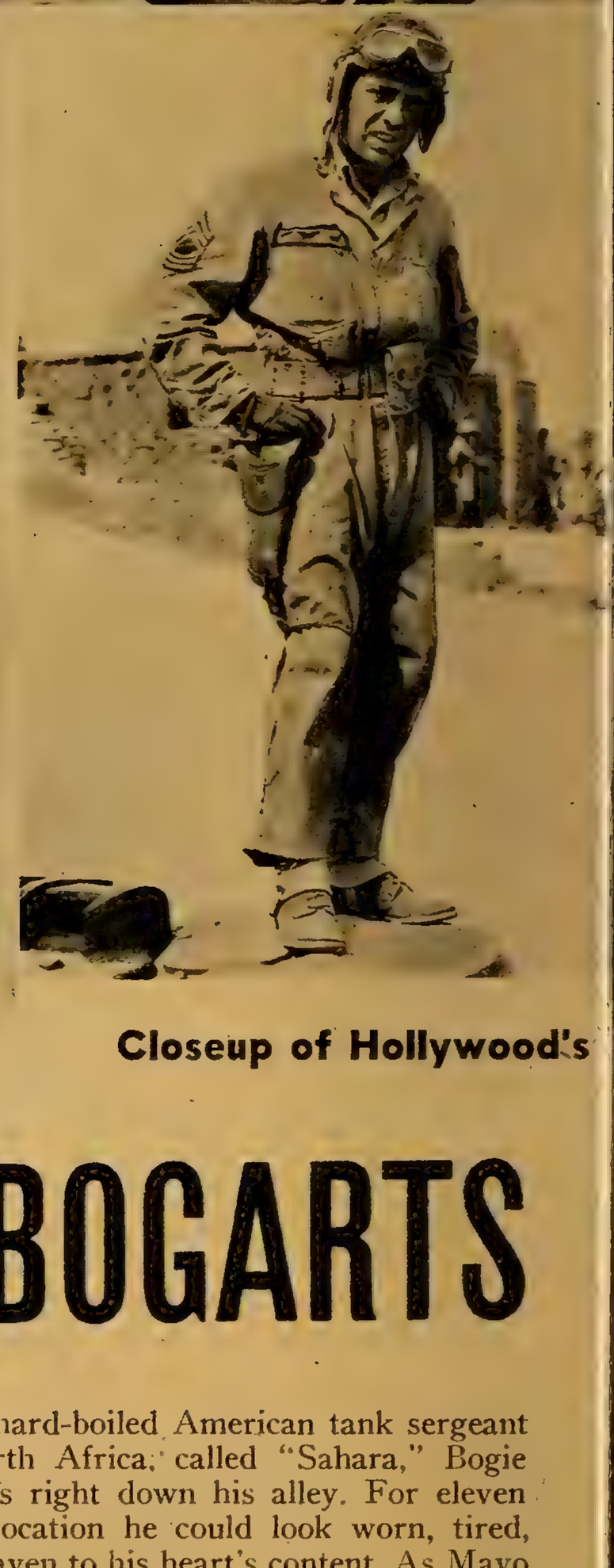
When I walked inside, the delightful odor of home cooking permeated the room. Tess, Bill's wife, explained, "That's my spaghetti sauce you smell cooking. Sue and Alan Ladd are coming over tonight. They live just across the street, you know. Alan has been asking for spaghetti for a long time, and since he was able to leave the base tonight, I decided to see that he got his spaghetti."

Despite the fact that Bill has knocked Alan from here to Timbuctoo and back in various pictures, the two are the best of friends. Bill is a bit surprised by this, especially since he really knocked Alan out during the making of one scene in "The Glass Key."

"It's a wonder Alan ever speaks to me," Bill said as we sat down in the comfortable living room, "because he's taken plenty from me in the pictures we've made. That time I knocked him out—well, I was more scared than he was. 'Course, my conscience is cleared now. He knocked me out in 'China.'"

Bill's home is far from pretentious. It is a seven-room bungalow in the Los Feliz district. Bill and his wife had only moved into it a month before, and the two of them had spent every spare minute furnishing and decorating it themselves. Their chief pride is in the guest room which they have paneled and trans- (*Please turn to page 82*)

These exclusive photos show Bendix of "Wake Island" and "China" as he really is: a home-loving hombre who likes to cook, croon, collect beer mugs, and enjoy the first real home big Bill has ever owned.



By
Liza

Closeup of Hollywood's

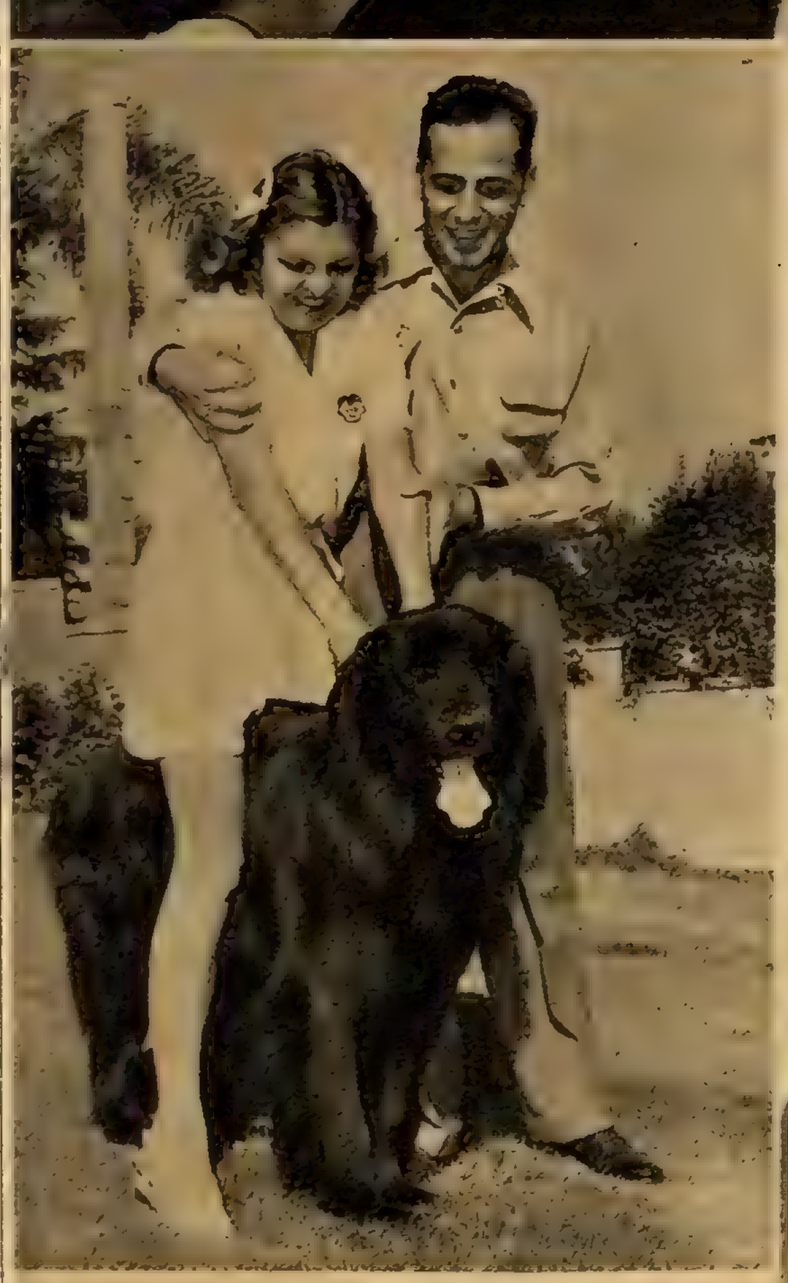
THE BOGARTS

"Bogie" as he prefers to be: unkempt and unshaven, for rôle of tough tank sergeant in Columbia's all-male epic, "Sahara."

ALMOST every time the studio gets a gander at the size of the Bogart fan mail, and reads a few of those torrid letters written by fatuous women who want him for their pin-up boy, they decide that something really ought to be done about prettifying their sinister looking star. This always annoys Bogie. All you have to do is put shoes, a tie, and a pressed pin stripe on Bogie and he bellows that he is being prettified.

Bogart doesn't fancy himself as a sleeked-up, eau de cologne glamor boy. That's for the Errol Flynn type. He likes to think of himself as a thug, with cropped, unkept hair, a week's beard, and a cigarette dangling out the side of his mouth. So when Columbia offered him the part of the hard-boiled American tank sergeant in their epic of North Africa, called "Sahara," Bogie was happy. This was right down his alley. For eleven weeks on a desert location he could look worn, tired, disheveled, and unshaven to his heart's content. As Mayo Bogart expressed it, "I got so sick of seeing Bogie with that sand in his beard. Kissing him was like kissing an emery board."

The location of "Sahara" was in the Southern California desert, where Uncle Sam trains soldiers for overseas duty—the idea being that if they can survive the 130 heat there Africa will seem fairly refreshing. The Bogarts, accompanied by Sluggie, their Scottie, moved into Brawley, a town 35 miles from the desert location, and were lucky enough to get a bedroom, sitting room, and bath, in the local hotel. Bogie, unlike a lot of husbands, dotes on his wife's cooking, so Mayo immediately set up a hot plate and went marketing. Mayo can do more with a hot plate than most people could do with



most colorful couple

OF BRAWLEY

Sand goggles for "Sluggie," Bogart Scottie who went along on location with Bogie and Mayo (shown center, above).

the entire kitchen of the Waldorf with a chef thrown in. Every morning Mayo would prepare Bogie's lunch on the hot plate and take it out to the location in the studio mail car. She and Bogie would spread the lunch on the hot sands, with an eye out for rattlesnakes. Then she'd play gin-rummy with her spouse between "takes," and blister none too prettily in the blazing sun, until it was time for the company to break for the day and drive into town. Back at the hotel, while Bogie took a shower, Mayo would prepare a tasty dinner over the hot plate—the temperature by then having sunk to a mere 115. You'd think the little woman would have considered herself very much put upon, wouldn't you? You'd think she would nag a bit, cry a bit, and threaten to go home to mother. But you don't know Mayo. She loved it. "One of the grandest times we've ever had," she reminisced over iced coffee, "though Bogie and I manage to have fun no matter where we are.

"Did I tell you how Bogie finally got a trailer dressing room on the location?" she asked. "It's a wonderful story. One day it was so terrifically hot that we just couldn't eat on the sands. So Bogie found a truck that offered us slight shade. We settled ourselves on a couple of kegs inside and were in the midst of our lunch when suddenly the special effects man ran up to us and shouted, 'Mr. Bogart, put that cigarette out! You're sitting on dynamite kegs.' I almost choked on a sandwich, and Bogie turned pale under his tan. When the company heard about it they presented Bogie with a trailer. I guess they decided it was better to buy a trailer than have him blow up and ruin the picture."

The Bogarts have never (*Please turn to page 66*)

How (NOT) to Reduce

By Betty Hutton

"Let's Face It," girls, exercise is a wonderful thing—if you haven't anything better to do. Personally, I have. But the other day I started worrying about my waistline and you know where that leads—to a reducing salon, "gym" to you. There I was in there punching, riding a bicycle, knocking my brains out—and what happened? When I weighed myself I'd gained two pounds!

"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are *great* candy bars, rich in dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger, we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When you don't find BABY RUTH *on the candy counter, remember . . . Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • *Producers of Fine Foods* • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Jean Arthur plays a city girl who takes a bus to the wild and woolly West in search of excitement and adventure. After a hectic trip fighting off unwelcome advances she finds both—and romance too.

Jean Arthur's funniest film! Exclusive fictionization of gay new romance starring the screen's most wonderful wacky heroine, with John Wayne as her hard-to-get cowboy

SO FAR there hadn't been any of those breathless days the travel folder had guaranteed. So far there hadn't been anything that could even vaguely be described as adventure. Of course Mollie had never been almost scalped by an Indian before, but that could only be listed as another annoyance considering the Indian was about eight years old and spoke with a Tenth Avenue accent and his tomahawk had come with his Indian suit, a bargain at three ninety eight. The kid certainly was no bargain to Mollie; neither was his brother, the pint-sized cowboy. When it came right down to it the whole trip—one hundred and thirty-seven dollars, all expenses paid—had stopped being a bargain.

It had started out so brilliantly, too, with Malcom and Bob and Greg all coming down to the bus to see her off on her tour to the great West. Not that Malcom and Bob and Greg were her idea of excitement but going away made everything seem different, and the corsage of real gardenias and the steamer basket complete with fruit and dates and nuts and the special deluxe copy of "Guide to the West" weren't things that happened to a girl just every day. And certainly no girl could object to having three men fighting for her favors and practically knocking off her hat when they kissed her goodbye. The wistful girl in the seat next to her just couldn't get over such an excess of male devotion.

"Honey, you mind if I ask you a question?" she said. "What are you going away for?"

Mollie only smiled. It was nice having people realize she was popular and a girl who didn't have

Copyright 1943 by RKO-Radio Pictures. "A Lady Takes A Chance" is based upon an original story by Jo Swerling. Screenplay by Robert Ardrey. Complete cast on Page 69

When Jean goes to a real Western rodeo she meets John Wayne, a handsome cowboy, under thrilling circumstances. But the city gal fails to wow the virile Westerner and finds herself hitch-hiking.

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

to think of vacation trips as man-trapping expeditions.

"I wish I'd have known." The girl looked sadly at the other passengers and there wasn't any denying the bus exuded a hearty family atmosphere. "I bet I wouldn't have come. Look at the no-fellas!"

"That's all right with me," Mollie grinned. It was just then, like an actor making an entrance, that Smiley Lambert, the tour guide, climbed on the bus and Mollie's first misgivings came.

"Hello—ello—ello!" He was all cheer and good will. "If you don't mind I'd like to introduce myself. My name is Smiley Lambert, but you folks can call me Smiley Lambert. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

That was just an example of Smiley's wit and it went on and on. It never stopped except for the times he tried to get them all into sing-songs, or worst of all when he insisted on paying Mollie special attentions that weren't listed in the folder at all. By the time the bus stopped at Fairfield, Oregon, Mollie felt as worn out as something that had been marked down in a bargain basement.

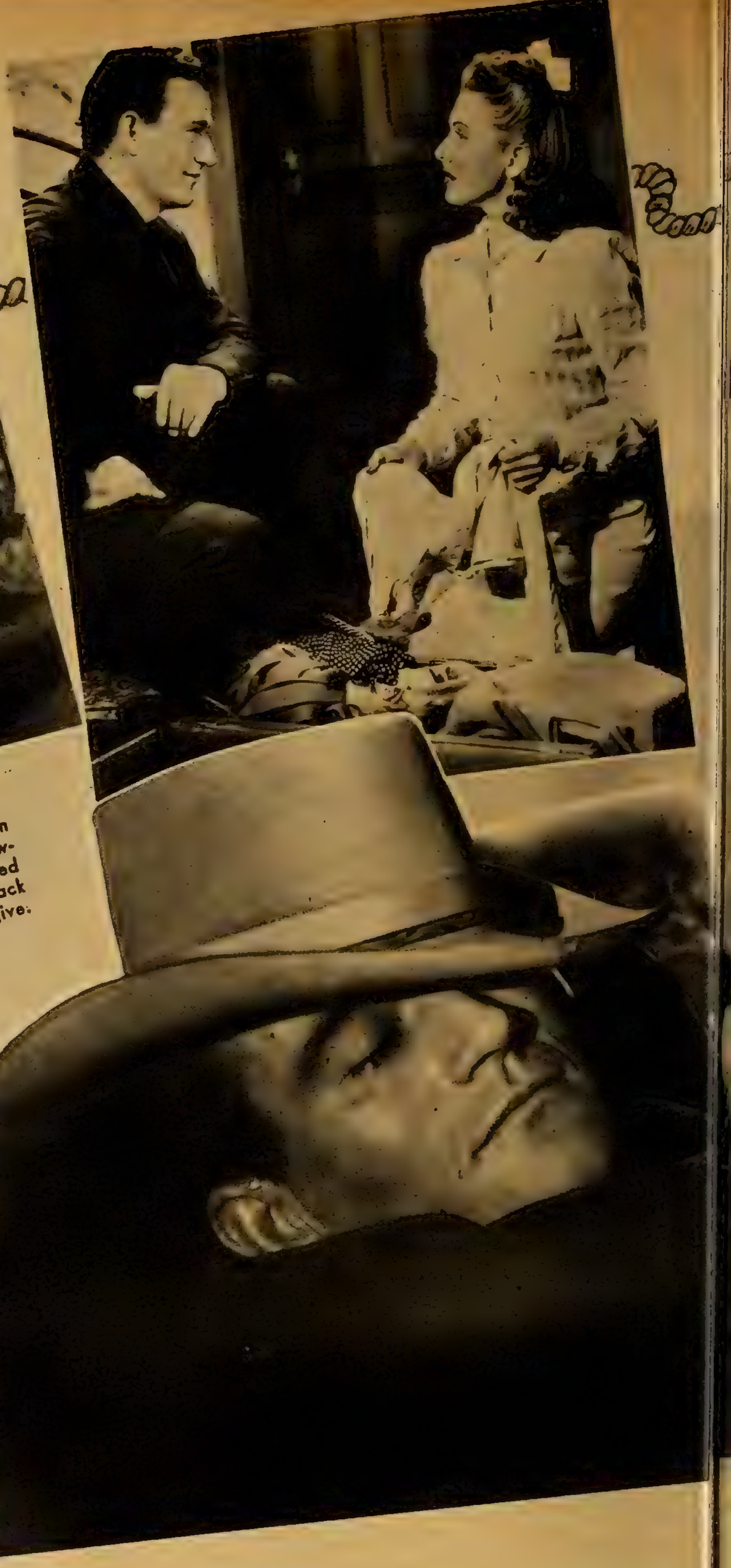
"All out for the rodeo!" Smiley carolled joyously. "Arrive one P. M. depart ten P. M." Then confidentially, to Mollie alone, "What's a rodeo? Dumb animals, cowboys, sun in your eyes and dust in your nose. Not for you and me. We'll live, hit the high spots, paint the town magenta. How's about it, baby?"

"Listen, Mr. Lambert," Mollie said firmly, "I came out West to see the West. I didn't come looking for boy friends. As a matter of fact I have plenty of boy friends. If I do say so myself. *Too* many."

A blood-curdling yell echoed down the aisle, but for once Mollie didn't mind having the embryo cowboy descend on her.

"Ohooooooooooooh!" he yipped. "I'm Gene Autry."

When East meets West! Jean Arthur as *Mollie* encounters competition in her amorous campaign when pretty wild Westerners crowd around cowboy *Duke* (John Wayne). Ambitious *Mollie*, a nice girl at heart, is surprised when John, having offered to help her when she misses her bus back to civilization, expects more cooperation than she is willing to give.



"Thanks, Gene," Mollie grinned. "Let's go!"

The rodeo was thrilling. It made up for all the rest of the trip. Mollie simply had to get snapshots to take back to the office and here was a thrilling subject just meant for admiring *ahhhhs*, that daredevil rider on the bucking bronco careening out of the chute.

It was awfully hard to focus. Just as Mollie thought she had the perfect picture the rider suddenly disappeared and all she could see was the horse getting bigger and bigger and bigger until it seemed to fill the whole lens. And then suddenly the whole West collapsed on top of her.

Of course it wasn't the whole West, it was only a very small part of it, and Ace Hudkins, star rodeo performer to be explicit, thrown from a bronco right on top of a groggy Mollie.

But she wasn't groggy for long. What girl could be groggy with eyes like that, gray they were, less than an inch away? What girl could be groggy with firm, sun-browned cheeks pressed intimately against her own? Certainly not Mollie. She had come to see the wonders of the West and she was seeing them now, all of them. When Duke started to get up Mollie grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him back again just to get another look at that face.

"Yawright?" Duke said, when he managed to get to his feet at last.

"Oh, sure." Mollie kept on staring.

"Sure you ain't busted no place?" Duke still sounded anxious.

"Well, I'm pretty sure." Mollie was using the coy technique that had never failed her yet.

Mollie, marooned in the desert with *Duke*, steals the blanket from the cowboy's horse to keep warm in the night. When *Duke* finds out he turns on her, and *Mollie*, heartbroken, goes back home. And then (see above) West comes East for a happy ending, Hollywood style.

"Okay," Duke said. He leaped lightly over the rail and sauntered across the field.

But if Duke thought he was going to leap right out of Mollie's life he was mistaken. Mollie the pursued became the pursuer. Mollie was right there waiting for him when the rodeo was over.

"Would you mind giving me your autograph?" she asked, holding out her souvenir program. Then as he scribbled his name she looked down on it. "Thank you very much, Mr. Hudkins. I don't get sat on every day. Well—goodbye."

She still stood there but nothing happened, and a girl can't stay forever after she's said goodbye. Just as Mollie started to walk away he called her.

"You wanna sign my program?" he asked. And as Mollie did, giving an extra flourish to every letter with her heart racing as she did it, he grinned, "I don't sit on people every day, either. Come on, let's go, Mollie. You drink beer, don't you?"

The folder had been right after all. This was one of those breathless days it had promised. Mollie felt every last gasp of air had been squeezed out of her as he took her arm.

"I must say this is certainly an extra-added attraction," she said as he steered her into the beer parlor. "Isn't it funny the things that can happen just because somebody sits on somebody? You mind if I feel your arm?"

Duke certainly didn't mind. He was used to flattering tidbits like this. For Duke was a man all girls *oohed* and *aahed* over, as Mollie was soon to find out.

But at the moment he was all hers. Mollie kept staring at him over the rim of her glass all dreamy-eyed until it was too much even for Duke and he began swallowing nervously. He was awful glad his pal Waco arrived just then.

"Yuh all right, Duke?" the old man asked anxiously.

Waco was a Western type, too, but more along the old prospector lines. He looked as if he hadn't met up with a razor for years.

"Hey, Waco, sit down," (*Please turn to page 68*)

SOLDIER'S WIFE

Hollywood's Gene Tierney is Mrs. Oleg Cassini in Junction City, Kansas

Like many another war wife, Gene Tierney followed her husband to camp, set up housekeeping in a tiny cottage where she cooks all their meals, does all the housework. Only time Oleg is home for meals, though, is Sunday mornings, and now that he is in officers' training school at Fort Riley he doesn't get home at all except for a very infrequent Saturday night. Then they entertain Oleg's friends and their families—see pictures at top left and right. By the time you read this, the Cassinis will be three. Gene's last picture before motherhood is "Heaven Can Wait," for 20th Century-Fox.

Beauty on ICE

☆

Look out, Sonja Henie — here comes Vera Hruba! The gorgeous Czech is now a star at Republic Studios, where she is being groomed for stardom in "Gay Blades"

☆

Vera, a sensation on skates as you know if you saw "Ice-Capades," is also star material, in the opinion of Herbert Yates, big chief of Republic Pictures, shown at far right with Miss Hruba at party in her honor. Soldier is Lieut. Ed. Grainger, former Hollywood producer.

THE BRIDE WORE BLUE

Janet Blair, the bride of Sgt. Lou Busch, selected a simple wartime trousseau, exclusively pictured here. Janet will next appear with Rita Hayworth in Columbia's "Heart of a City"

☆

The lovely dress pictured on facing page is of poudre blue wool crepe embroidered with bugle beads, highlight of Janet's trousseau. At left, background of her wardrobe: suit of soft wool in brown plaid. Very new drawstring bag is of plastic.

Janet's smart daytime dress, lower left, is of beige wool, with leather buttons and belt. Below, simple dress of black crepe, its draped V neckline accented with a triple strand of pearls. All costumes modeled by Miss Blair are from Saks-Beverly Hills.

Hollywood's prettiest new bride was married to Sgt. Lou Busch, musical arranger with the Santa Ana Air Corps band, after a four-year romance which began when Janet was the singer and Lou the pianist with the late Hal Kemp's orchestra.

☆

Photos by M. B. Paul

Exclusive photos show Annabella (top) with Ty's sister and her new baby, in Tyrone's old room, now the nursery. Above, keeping busy by sprucing up the old porch furniture.

While You're Away...

By Jane MacDonald

STREAMLINING isn't a new accomplishment for Annabella. When she married Tyrone Power at the time she was getting rave notices for "Suez" she calmly announced she wasn't accepting any offers from studios.

"Why did I do it?" She looked surprised that anyone should question the reason when the logic of it was really so obvious. "If I had kept on working it would have been difficult for both of us to be free at the same time, and we wanted to be together as much as we could."

Her return to the screen as star of "Bombers Moon" now that Ty has joined the Marines seems just as obvious to Annabella. She isn't one for embroidering facts with sentimental nosegays and the words she used to explain how she is adjusting to a life suddenly changed by war, were as direct as her own boyish handshake.

"Work doesn't give you leisure for self-pity or thinking of things that can't be helped," she said simply. "Your attention is focused on what you're doing, not on yourself. Between pictures I spend my time working for the Red Cross and the VACS."

A nice economy of words that to tell of the work Annabella does in her *resting* periods. She's already finished her first aid and advanced first aid courses and the mechanic's course required for volunteer ambulance drivers. Now she's enrolled in a Hollywood hospital for training as a nurse's aide and if anyone thinks that's a glamorous way of being patriotic let them spend just one hour be-

Annabella is proud of her chickens, and that's no publicity photograph at top right. She really takes care of 'em. And when the car needs washing that's Mrs. Power's job, too.

"I'll keep right on living and working and dreaming in Our House, so that it will stay the same for you to come home to!" That's the spirit of American war wives, and that's the way one wife in Hollywood —Mrs. Tyrone Power (Annabella)—keeps her chin up in these trying times

hind the scenes at a hospital.

Annabella isn't concerned with glamor. Small and slender, she looks as fragile and delicate as the proverbial Dresden shepherdess. She would be the first to laugh at that description and her laugh is one of the things that make a liar out of her appearance, just as the strength in her small, capable hands does and that effortless boyish walk of hers too.

She likes simple things, fundamental things. Small dinners shared with close friends is her favorite way of entertaining and she gets satisfaction out of taking household tasks in her stride now that the servant question has really become a problem instead of just a filler-in for bridge table chat. There's only one thing she hasn't attempted yet.

"I can cook," she says candidly, "but I hate it! If I had to, I would. But *never for fun*. You see, cooking stops me from being hungry, and I love to eat."

But her enjoyment of food presents no menace to the Powers' brood of hens. There are thirty-six of them in her chicken yard and if the number decreases it won't be for the usual appetizing reason for very early in her farming career she discovered she couldn't eat anything she had petted and fed.

They're pampered pets, those Power chickens. Nothing is too good for them. When Annabella read the description of a wonderful new type of chicken residence built in tiers with floors of fine (*Please turn to page 85*)

GOSSIP BY WESTON EAST
CANDIDS BY JEAN DUVAL

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Beginning directly above and reading clockwise: Marine Pvt. Jack Briggs plays chauffeur for wife Ginger Rogers, Groucho Marx and Fay McKenzie at Camp Elliott, where they broadcasted for his show, "Blue Ribbon Town"; Ann Sheridan looks over script with Capt. Tom McNight before going on air for Command program; Roz Russell and hubby Capt. Fred Brisson attending "Build A Cruiser" benefit at Hollywood bowl; the grown-up Shirley Temple also does her bit for our boys; Marjorie and Lt. Jack Reynolds at Cruiser rally; Jack Benny, Capt. McNight and Judy Garland all set to start Command Performance show for overseas servicemen; and close-up on opposite page is the best picture ever made of Miss Garland in action in front of a microphone.

NOW that Tallulah Bankhead is once more headed for Hollywood, the old town will take on some color again. "Tallu" is going to make a picture for Alfred Hitchcock. A movie star isn't exactly a novelty on the 20th lot. But the advent of Bankhead has everyone tingling with anticipation. Wonder what La Bankhead will say when she finds out she's in Shirley Temple's former dressing room?

ROBERT YOUNG, that ol' Victory Garden expert, tells this one on his little "dotter," Carole Ann. It seems Bob was pulling weeds one day when Carole Ann said, "Daddy, where do we get ears of corn from?" Stumped for a moment, daddy Young then brightened and replied, "Oh, didn't you know? The *stalk* brings them!"

LOU COSTELLO, who's been in bed since March, has just taken his first step. During this long time it's taken for his partner to recuperate from a serious illness, Bud Abbott has refused to work with any other comedian. Nice "team" work and has been for a long time..

FOOD rationing holds no terrors for Greer Garson. She's deliberately taken off fourteen pounds to portray Madame Curie during her middle years. Instead of living the part, Greer is "dieting" for it! Ouch.

GINGER ROGERS was all set to rent a house in La Jolla, to be near Camp Elliott where hubby Jack Briggs is stationed. At the last moment plans changed. The man owning the house decided to remain. However, he offered

Newlyweds Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont drink a toast at Mocambo. Below, from left: Lionel Barrymore, Gary Cooper and Ruth Hussey talk things over prior to performing on a Screen Guild radio program; Dick Powell and Eddie "Rochester" Anderson at a Command Performance, entertaining air show broadcast to our boys overseas; and Dinah Shore with steady escort Pvt. George Montgomery at one of popular radio broadcasts in which they took part.

Ginger two rooms and the run of the place. She jumped at the chance. Her magnificent ten-room hilltop home in Beverly Hills stands idle in the meantime.

RITA HAYWORTH may or may not be in love with Orson Welles. But she definitely is not in love with "stooging" for his magic act. Recently Orson was rehearsing for a big Army and Navy relief show. Something went wrong and Rita found herself locked in a breakaway trunk. It took a good thirty minutes to get the lock unsprung. Never have you seen a girl so happy to breathe fresh air!

MOST embarrassed young man was Dana Andrews. Picked up by police during a search for draft dodgers, Dana had forgotten to take his draft card with him. He was held in jail for an hour while they checked with the FBI. No—his memory won't be failing him again!

DOLORES MORAN, who looks like a pretty girl come to life, really made San Francisco sit up and take notice. It's just coincidental that Bobby Stack happened to be free the night Dolores was in town. Or was it? Anyway, they did the town together and looked mighty decorative doing it.

BELIEVE it or not, a fan letter addressed "Sex in Sepia, Hollywood, California," was delivered safely to Lena Horne.

NICE gesture on the part of Betty Hutton. Instead of rehearsing her new song numbers every day at Paramount, she tries them out on the soldiers every night at the Hollywood Canteen. She asks the boys for suggestions and has received some very helpful ones. In this way, everyone has a good time.

WHILE in Canada, Barbara Stanwyck handed out a kiss with every war bond she sold. Uncle Sam's treasury is swollen as a result. But you should see Barbara's lips! She says she feels just like a Ubangi.

NEVER have you seen such cooperation and speed as took place on the "Government Girl" set. Olivia de Havilland, the star, learned the boy friend John Huston would be stationed in New York for two weeks. Last reports had the picture so far ahead of schedule, they ran out of dialogue!

HAVING devoted the last few months to camp tours and local benefits, Joan Blondell decided to treat herself to a new tailored suit. She wanted a midnight blue French flannel, but couldn't find a yard of it in town. Suddenly she remembered Dick Powell's dinner jacket hanging home in the closet. Hollywood won't be having a dress-up affair until after the war, reasoned Joan. By that time Dick could buy himself another dinner jacket. So Joan had *his* made over for *her!* Mighty sharp it looks too.

ROBERT PRESTON has landed in England. A news picture sent from the other side revealed him standing with a group of young American officers. His mother, reading the morning paper, just happened to see it.

WAR or no war, the English are still movie fans. Clark Gable finds it next to impossible to go to a public place. In a letter back to a studio buddy, Clark said he wished makeup man Jack Dawn could send him over a new face!

RAY MILLAND walked into his house and plunked a small square box down in front of Mrs. Milland. Inside was a ruby dinner ring, in honor of their eleventh wedding anniversary. The very next morning at the breakfast table they picked up a local trade paper. There in the gossip column was the report that the Millands were on the verge of separating. The columnist who wrote it had learned that Ray was in New York. Which was true. He had flown there to make three free broadcasts for the government. Mrs. Milland couldn't go because her nurse was ill and there was no one to leave with little Danny. Thus, another false rumor was born.

THE on again-off again marriage of Janet Blair and Sergeant Louis Busch finally came to pass. Up to the very last moment, Lou wasn't too sure that his furlough from the Santa Ana air base would be granted. They were married at Lake Arrowhead, outdoors. The wedding music was furnished by a tinkling stream. Janet wore a simple costume and carried orchids. Never have you seen two eyes so big and so filled with happiness. Rosalind Russell's wedding present was addressed to "My Sister Eileen." What a long way little sister has come!

AS IF actually being in the Army wasn't enough, over 200 soldiers of "This Is The Army" donated blood to the Red Cross before they quit Hollywood.

THE day following the premiére of "So Proudly We Hail," Sonny Tufts awakened to find himself a star. This gives you

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of lovely women for neckline flattery is DELTAH PEARLS*— matchless for beauty, color and iridescence— the perfect finishing touch to every costume, daytime or evening. Necklaces with bracelets and earrings to match. At better jewelers. L. HELLER AND SON, INC. FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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WORLD'S FINEST REPRODUCTIONS*

*simulated

MAUREEN O'HARA starring in 20th Century-Fox's "BUFFALO BILL"

Marie Wilson, Charles Coburn, Joan Blondell and Jack Oakie make up the gay foursome attending a recent benefit. Right, Red Skelton greets Dinah Shore at a rehearsal for the Gershwin Concert at the Hollywood Bowl and gets a big smile, but Paul Whiteman doesn't seem happy about Red breaking in on them—two's company, remember?

Top, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox attended the "Build A Cruiser" rally at the Hollywood Bowl with Edward Arnold and Louis B. Mayer. Center, Vaughn Monroe, Dinah Shore and Bing Crosby performing for one of the Command broadcasts. Above, Alan Curtis and Frances Gifford watching the Cruiser benefit show. Above right, Honorary Major Martha Raye shown wearing her uniform and service ribbons, at one of the Command Performances.

an idea how drastic is the manpower situation in the movies. It isn't that Sonny is such a good actor. But he *is* a new face and has an ingratiating personality. Paramount are going to spend the money building him that they wanted to spend on Stirling Hayden.

FOR once Maria Montez was happy with her costume, dialogue, and the way they directed the scene. Of course it just happened to be her wedding to Jean Pierre Aumont—a wedding Hollywood never expected to see. Charles Boyer was best man, Janine Crispin matron of honor. They exchanged plain gold wedding rings and it really was all quite nice and simple. Jean Pierre leaves soon to join the Fighting French forces overseas. Maria hopes to follow later on and do war work too.

GARY COOPER walked on the "Saratoga Trunk" set nearly an hour late. He looked harassed and worn. Everyone thought he must have had his car smashed or something equally serious. Typical of Gary, he offered no explanation. At lunch time he sat down at the table with Errol Flynn. During their conversation Gary revealed what was bothering him. That morning he had helped pull daughter Maria's baby tooth. He hoped he hadn't hurt her!

SIGHT of the month: Mexican Margo in her Japanese makeup for "Behind The Rising Sun," amusing the cast with a rumba to the tune of her own castanet accompaniment. No wonder the visiting sailors looked so bewildered.

PAULETTE GODDARD'S new tan has her cameraman cutting paper dolls. On her it's becoming. But on the screen it makes her go a shade darker than Ethel Waters. Paulette has been asked to stay in the shade until the picture is finished.

AN ARMY assignment will keep Lieut. Bill Holden away from Brenda Marshall until a week before the arrival of the expected baby. Her doctor won't allow her to fly to him, either. Both are terribly disappointed because they had dreamed so long of this great moment in their lives.

"CRY HAVOC" finally finished with all thirteen girls still speaking to each other. But boy, oh, boy, did they keep tab! All through the picture they had tousled hairdos and grimy faces. Had one gal appeared with an extra eyelash she never would have lived to wear it. Director Dick Thorpe said if it hadn't already been made, he'd insist that his next picture be called "No More Ladies." But don't get us wrong—he loved 'em.

WAR WORKER—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel tests altimeters.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE

There's a war job for *you*—in a plant, store, office, restaurant, transportation company, community service. Check Help Wanted ads for needs in your area. Then see your local U. S. Employment Service.

ENGAGED, HAPPY—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.

MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

HER RING—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

CHARMING MURIEL LUNGER—daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. William S. Lunger of Washington, D. C., engaged to Raymond W. Hitchens of Baltimore—he, too, has an essential war job with Bendix, in the plant protection department.

WAKING up at 8:30 P.M., eating lunch at 3 in the morning, going home when most of us are just starting our day, seems quite natural to Muriel now. She's simply reversed her clock.

"I've discovered one thing," Muriel says. "Long hours working on a war job have made me extra fussy about how I look. I just love slipping into something pretty at home, and adore creaming my face with Pond's to help smooth away tiredness and make my skin feel all glowy—and so clean and soft!"

Copy Muriel's soft-smooth beauty care, *like this:*

SMOOTH on snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream and pat briskly, gently to work its lovely softening creaminess all over your face and throat. This softens and releases dirt and old make-up. Now—tissue off. See how clean and sweet you look!

"RINSE" with *more* Pond's Cold Cream for extra cleansing and softening. Whirl your Pond's coated fingertips around in little spirals—out over your eyebrows, up over your cheeks, around your nose and mouth. Tissue it all off again.

Give your face this *twice-over* Pond's creaming every night, every morning—and for daytime clean-ups! You'll *love* how *beautifully clean*, how much *softer* your skin will feel.

It's no accident lovely engaged girls like Muriel, noted society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Viscountess Milton are devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. Get a jar today! Have *your* first Pond's creaming tonight!

Today many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

THERE'S A GLASS SHORTAGE—SO BUY ONE BIG POND'S JAR INSTEAD OF SEVERAL SMALL ONES. IT SAVES GLASS NEEDED FOR FOOD JARS.

A bathing beauty is a girl who uses her daily bath as a means of loveliness

BEAUTY AND THE BATH

By Josephine Felts

Rita Hayworth soaks for beauty and relaxation. Janet Blair showers for vigor and vitality. Julie Bishop smoothes her skin with an after-bath lotion.

DO YOU jump in and out of your tub, without a thought to all the beauty benefits of bathing? Naturally, you take a bath every day. Who doesn't—in this day and age when daily bathing is so much a part of the American Way of living. But do you really stop to consider all the things a bath can do for you besides just cleaning up the body?

We all know that bathing cools us when we're warm, warms us when we're cold, relaxes us when we are tense and invigorates us when we are tired. It keeps us dainty and sweet each day. But, more than all this, a bath can be a beauty treatment for our *whole* selves.

You can make of your bath a pleasant interlude in which to get your beauty house in order. Pretty and nonchalant as she looks, that's just what Rita Hayworth is doing. She is really bathing with a purpose. As a matter of fact, with a triple purpose. She is cleaning and softening her skin; relaxing those muscles, tired from work or dancing; and soothing her nerves so that fatigue and strain will never show up on her lovely face. Rita knows the A B C's of beauty bathing and we'll pass her formula on to you.

With moderately warm water (neither too hot nor too cold) a big cake of pure, mild soap, a couple of brushes, you're off for a good clean start. Fortunately, your skin is an extremely washable product that improves with constant scrubbing. So get right to work with your soap and brushes. Make a rich, creamy lather and scrub, scrub, scrub. In this process, you're not only removing dirt and ridding your skin of the dry and dead cells which take away its live and radiant look, but you're also stimulating those little glands under your skin to throw off their waste material.

After you have scrubbed from top to toe, rest—like Rita—on your merits for a while by just sitting in those active lather suds. Allow the rich oils of your soap really to penetrate your hide. They will help to keep it soft and smooth as satin—and if you have used a scented soap the fragrance will linger on.

Rita's, and your, next step depends on what the after-bath plans are. If it's a bedtime bath you're taking, we suggest that you rinse off with water of exactly

Here's JUDY GARLAND... *young and lovely*

Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "PRESENTING LILY MARS"

"I use Lux Soap regularly," charming Judy Garland says. "It gives my skin the gentle, protecting care it needs—real *beauty* care!" Try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days! See what they can do to make *your* skin smoother, lovelier.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap *because it's a real BEAUTY Soap*

the same temperature as your soaping. The nice limp state that tepid water brings will relax you for a good night's sleep. (Incidentally, many doctors prescribe prolonged tepid baths as sleep inducers. Twenty minutes in a lukewarm tub will take the jangled edges from any wearied nerves!) When you get out of your tub, without speeding up your tempo, gently rub a softening cream, or body lotion, on roughened spots. Usually, hands, elbows, heels and knees need a bit of lubrication. At night, Julie Bishop applies a hand lotion to her upper arms to keep them lovely for her appearances in evening gowns and short-sleeved daytime dresses.

A cool—or cold, if you can stand it—rinse or shower is the follow-up of an early morning, or before date, bath. In your tub, like a cat, you've relaxed, and now, like a cat you'll want to gather up energy before you leap into the day's work or fun. The colder water will close your body pores and start the circulation racing through your veins. Doesn't Janet Blair, Columbia star, look in condition for a wonderful performance when she emerges from her cold morning shower? A dash of cologne, which is slightly astringent too, and a whisk of dusting powder will make her ready for a sweet and pretty day or date.

Most of the movie actresses are bathing beauties! They make their baths serve their moods and grooming needs. They have all kinds of gadgets to attach to their tubs and all kinds of bathing habits. "Singing in the shower" or tub is a favorite practice because it does much to relieve taut, overtired nerves. You just can't be tense and sing joyfully. You have to let go.

Among the many relaxing stunts enjoyed by movie folks is this one—the tub is filled half way with tepid water and the body well lathered with a fresh smelling soap. The head rests on the back of the tub on a nice soft cushion made by folding the turkish towel. Over the eyes are placed little pads wrung out of ice-cold water, or those small herbs packs. Ten minutes of this and even very high strung nerves give way to that smooth feeling.

Another relaxing trick is to read while your body is getting its refreshing soap and water treatment. On the little stool next to the tub have a book of short stories or some magazines. Don't have hair-raisers or thrillers for they may get you keyed to a high pitch. And that's not soothing to the nerves. Stories, which have a lulling effect, are recommended by those in the know.

But not all actresses use bath time as a rest time. Many do those little extra grooming jobs while in the tub. When they don't have a small vanity attached to the tub, they have a handy kit near-by. In this are such things as tweezers, creams, manicure equipment and the like.

We know one young starlet who gives her feet that "extra" touch while in the tub. She rubs her soles and the back of her heels with pumice stone, because it helps to remove callouses and make the skin smooth. After her bath, she rubs her feet with a heavy lubricating cream or foot lotion. With just these few minutes of care she keeps her feet paticularly fit. Never does she have wrinkles on her brow because of aching feet.

With all the wonderful bath products on the market now, there's simply no rhyme or reason for every girl not being as fresh and clean as the well-known daisy. There's a soap for every kind of water—hard, soft, and medium. Each type of skin can find a cake, or box, of soap that will suit its special texture.

Soap and water baths are as old as the hills—and as reliable So trust your beauty to them. They'll never let you down.

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

From Head to Toe You Can Keep Yourself Fresh and Pleasing with These Good Grooming Accessories

Pond's "Lips" in their dreamflower print dresses and in shades from light to dark.

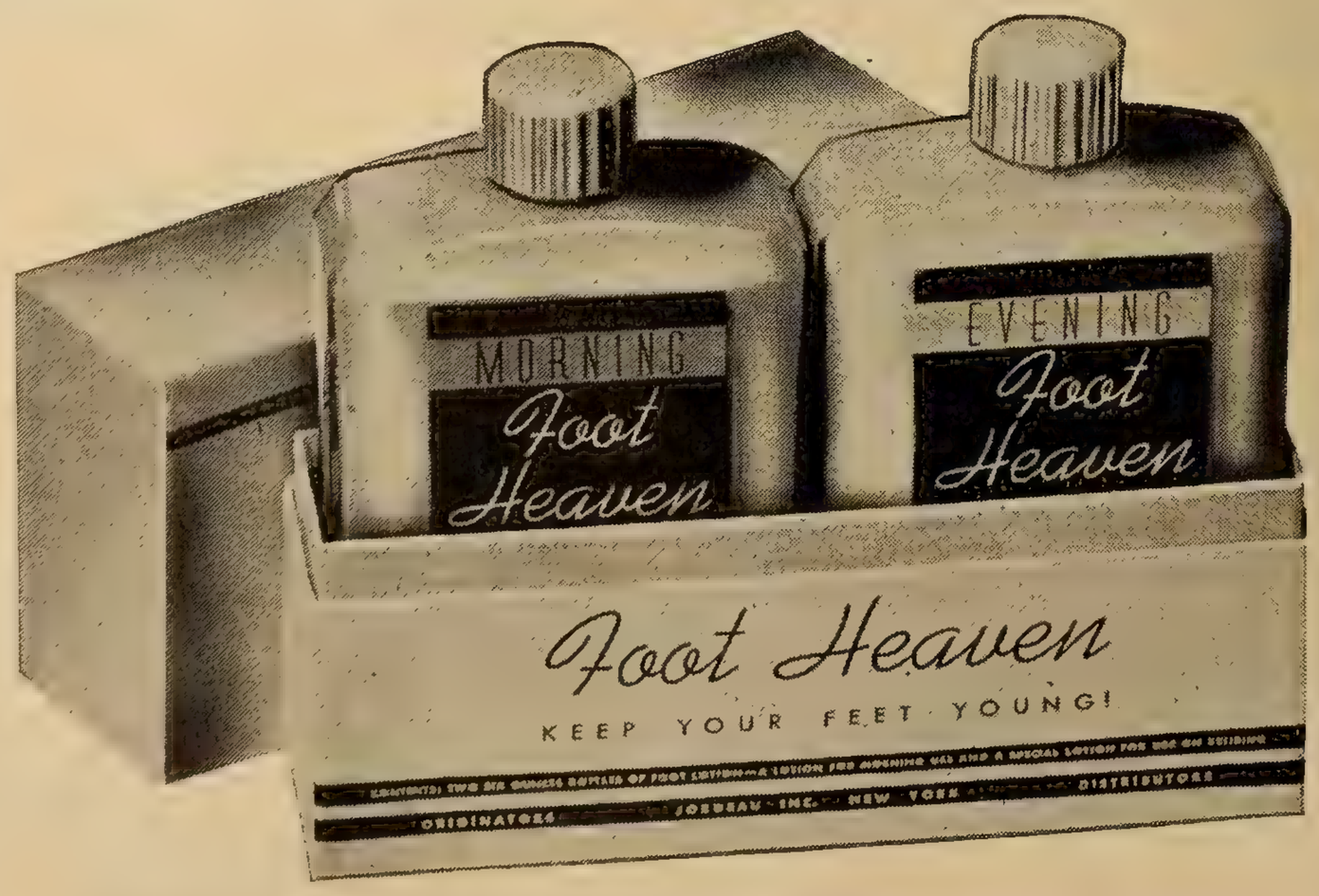
POND'S "Lips" tell a pretty lipstick story. The paper case has gone into print with a gay and charming dreamflower design. For a wartime paper stick, this one is really very strong because it has a sturdy top and a base of colored plastic. Incidentally, this case is a swivel one, and is amazingly trim and slim in these fatter lipstick times! . . . The stick itself is as satin-smooth in texture, as always, and the colors just as beautiful.

FALL is in the offing, but the popular leg art goes on and on. Armand's Stocking Stick suggests an easy way for giving the illusion of sheer, fine finish hose. The Stick, in tawny warm shades, comes in cake form. The application is simple. You wet one leg from ankle to above the knee with dampened wash cloth, and then apply the Stick with sweeping strokes.

Cologne gives an "extra" touch after tub or shower. Hobnail Cologne is Wrisley's latest.

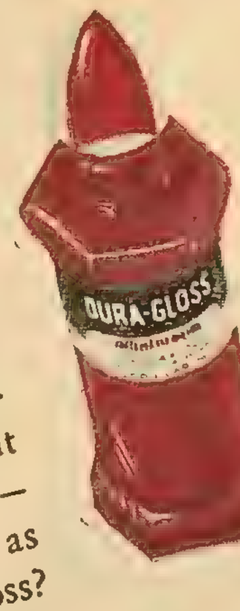
FROM the deep South comes a powder pleasant for both Northern and Southern skins. It's Nadinola, a finishing dress which is said to give that "peach-bloom" surface to the face. Blended in five skin tones.

REALLY heavenly relief for tired feet is in sight when you cast your eyes in the direction of the set of foot lotions aptly called Foot Heaven. These products, which will help alleviate the present scourage of foot worries, couldn't be more welcome. They come in neat companion bottles. The A. M. lotion exhilarates the feet and awakens them for the day ahead. You simply massage it softly on the soles and sides of feet and between the toes. Before you go to bed or after your evening bath, Evening Heaven is applied in the same way. It acts to soothe the feet and puts foot aches to sleep.



Heavenly bliss for tired feet! Foot Heaven by Jourdeau. A boon for standees.

You're *sweet* to praise my fingernails, Marjorie. There's nothing very complicated about it. I just use Dura-Gloss all the time—Yes, it's only 10¢ and I can't see why anybody should want to use anything else. Dura-Gloss gives your nails such a brilliant, beautiful finish; it goes on so nicely, and there's something in it called Chrystallyne that makes it stay on the nails longer without peeling—which is quite a help when you're as busy as I am. Want to try some of my Dura-Gloss?



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Director of Make-up,
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Hollywood

Recently, that famous Royal Family of Make-up, Perc, Wally and Bud Westmore, created a splendid line of cosmetics for a select group of Hollywood stars. Now, they are available to you at good toilet goods counters everywhere.

The foundation cream is made with lanolin to keep your skin soft. It will never give you a "masked" look, it will never cause your skin to become dry or flaky. You will be amazed at the way this House of Westmore foundation cream hides minor skin faults and how well it keeps the powder on your face.

This foundation cream is just one of the many House of Westmore beauty aids which will give you a lovelier make-up. Try any one or all of them.

House of
WESTMORE
COSMETICS

In 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, at toilet goods counters.

Betty Grable's Marriage

Continued from page 21

a friend and also wife of her personal representative, and a male member of the studio publicity department to act as buffer, Betty took the 7:30 train to Las Vegas, Sunday night, the Fourth of July. Arriving in Las Vegas around one-thirty in the A.M. they drove over to the Last Frontier Hotel. Betty noticed that she had wiggled so much on the train that her dress was in a thousand wrinkles. Edith said that would never do for a bride. So Betty Furness, who was staying at the hotel while getting her divorce from Johnny Green, was routed out of bed and told to bring along her iron. She proceeded to press the bride's dress right on the bride.

"Harry's train from the East was due at 2:28," said Betty, "and I was right there at the track waiting for him. Next it was announced for 2:53, and finally got in at 3:20. Despite the fact that it wasn't even daylight several hundred fans had gathered at the station. When the train stopped Harry saw me waiting in the car and made a mad dash through the clamoring fans who seemed bent on snatching his necktie. He didn't see the iron chain that separates the tracks from the parking space, and of course tripped right over it, and nearly killed himself then and there. 'There he goes,' I thought. 'There goes my bridegroom.' If I hadn't been so nervous I guess I would have laughed—it looked just like a scene in a slapstick comedy—but all I could think of then was getting Harry in the car before jitterbugs could grab him."

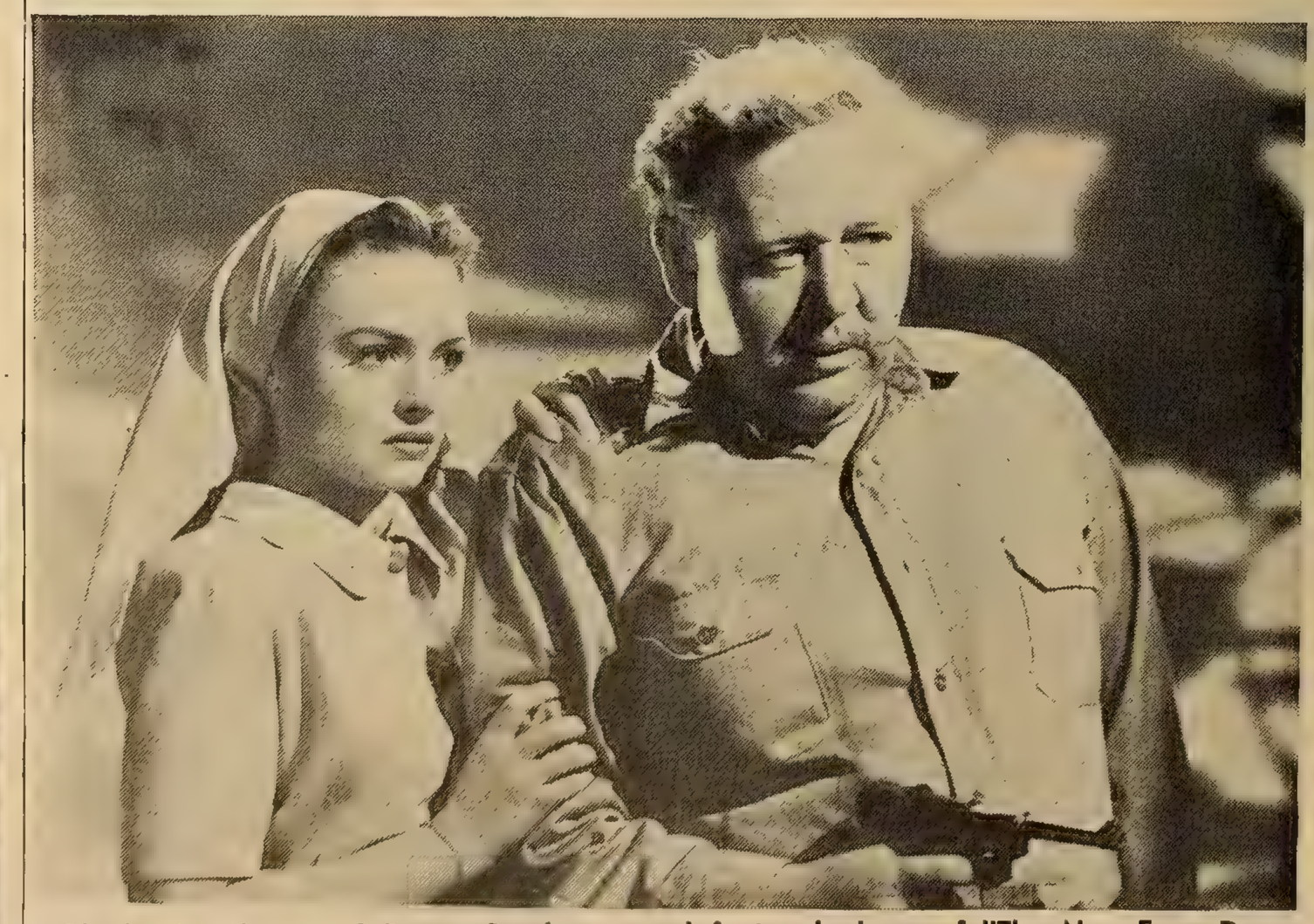
Back at the hotel Betty learned that the hotel manager and the studio press agent had arranged for her to be married in the wedding chapel there in the hotel. (Those Nevada hotels think of everything.) But she took one look at the three hundred or more people gathered around and began to shake. So did Harry. Now Betty and Harry are just about as averse to crowds as cornbread is to butter. Harry likes crowds when he's tooting his horn in front of his orchestra at the Paramount, and Betty likes crowds when she's dancing in Technicolor at the Roxy. But right now they didn't want a crowd. They wanted to get married, and they wanted to do it quietly. The red-hot pin-up girl, with the famous legs, and the red-hot band leader, with the famous lips, suddenly became as shy as doves.

"I took one look at that crowd and that chapel," said Betty, "and I thought to myself, this is not for me. I might as well have stayed in Hollywood."

So Elizabeth Ruth Grable, 26, of Los Angeles, and Harry Haag James, 27, of Beaumont, Texas, were married in one of the bedrooms of the hotel. Witnessing the ceremony were Emanuel Sacks, a New York radio executive and friend of Harry's and Betty's two friends, Edith Wasserman and Betty Furness. "I apologized to the minister for waking him up at such an ungodly hour," Betty continued, "but he said he was used to it. I think he had sort of counted on giving us the fifteen minute service, but at my request he cut it to three. I've never been so nervous in my life. I was shaking so Harry could hardly slip the wedding ring, an old-fashioned gold band, on my finger. Then someone brought in a beautiful cake that the chef at the hotel had made. A photographer asked me to cut a slice and hand it to Harry so he could take a picture. And the next few minutes everything was in utter confusion. Suddenly I remembered I hadn't had anything to eat in twelve hours or more so I reached for a piece of cake, only to find that it had been snatched away. Imagine, not even being able to get a piece of your own wedding cake!"

(Betty discovered later that some would-be-helpful person had boxed it so that she could take it back to Hollywood with her. After seven hours of jostling around it could have passed for anything.)

The Harry Jameses left for home about five A.M. and had their wedding breakfast at Simon's drive-in in Los Angeles. It was meatless Tuesday and no hamburgers, so Betty had the sixty-five cent special with one cup of coffee, which she generously offered to her bridegroom. Such is love in wartime. A far cry from those Hollywood wedding breakfasts of yesteryear with champagne flowing like water, eh?



Charles Laughton and Donna Reed, star and featured player of "The Man From Down Under," portray Australians who are prepared to defend their country from the menace of a Jap invasion in Hollywood's first motion picture of the modern Aussies at war.

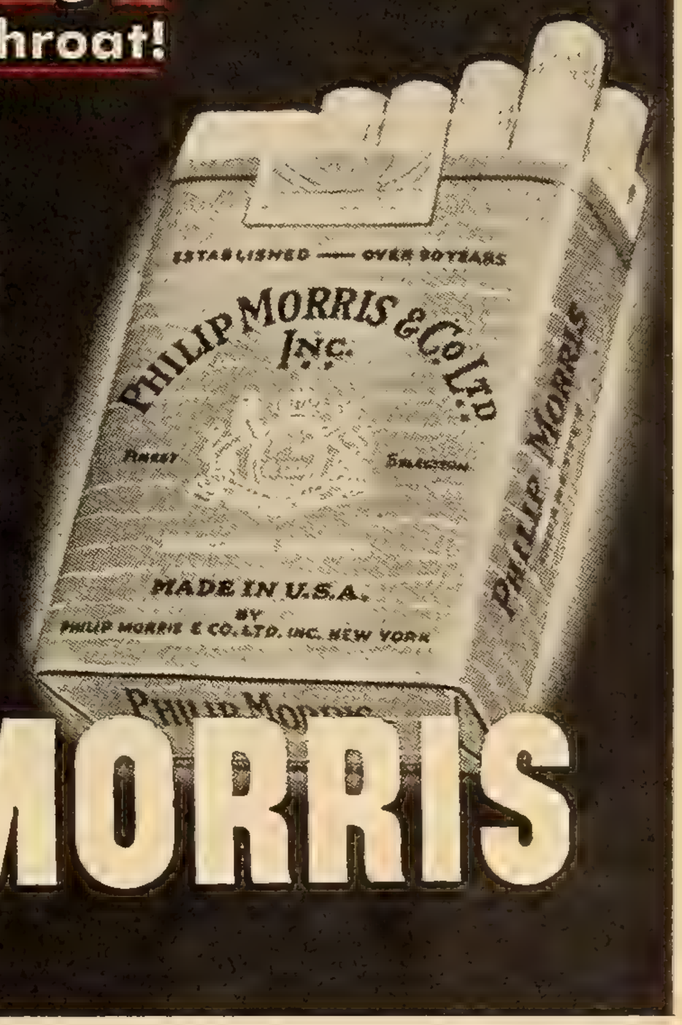
MEDICAL AUTHORITIES

RECOGNIZE PHILIP MORRIS

proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!



CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

The next day Harry had to report at Metro where work has started on his next picture, "Mr. Co-Ed," and Betty had to dash over to Twentieth to record song numbers for "Pin-Up Girl." The song she sang all morning, composed by Mack Gordon and James Monaco, went like this: "This is it, I don't know why, but we just seem to fit. I caught your eye, and zing the spark was lit. I must admit, that this is no maybe, baby, this is it." They'll tell you on the recording stage that Miss Grable gave it everything.

"Harry had his work at Metro and his radio program," said Betty, "and I had my picture, so things were pretty hectic, but we finally managed to get moved into Harry's house in Beverly Hills—he had rented it sight unseen two weeks before. Harry has a housekeeper who adores him and his band so, thank heavens, she will look after the house. My mother and dogs will stay at my house in Bel-Air, which I have never even finished furnishing—I've been so busy since I bought it, what with camp tours, pictures, a session in the hospital, and two weeks vacation in New York. Harry has been reclassified 1-A by his draft board. So if he goes into the Army this Fall I will move back into my own home with my mother."

Betty first saw Harry James some years ago when he was blowing a trumpet in the Benny Goodman orchestra. Betty was dancing with her husband, Jackie Coogan, and when Gabriel blew his horn she stopped dead in her tracks and informed Jackie that the trumpet player, whoever he was, was nothing short of a genius. A few years later she met him in Chicago—this time she was dancing with Victor Mature—and she told him she thought he was a genius. Betty has the real musician's passionate admiration for a talented musician. Just let Betty hear good music, classical or swing, and she's in seventh heaven. "Sometimes I think," Betty told me once, "the job I liked best of all my jobs was when I was the singer with the Ted Fio Rita band. I am perfectly happy just to sit and listen to music for hours and hours without moving."

Last summer Harry James brought his now famous band to Twentieth Century-Fox to play in several sequences in "Springtime in the Rockies," Betty's picture. Betty was very much engaged to George Raft at the time, and outside of admiring Harry as an artist she had very little truck with him. In fact it was the Hollywood Canteen that brought Betty and Harry together. Betty had broken off with George and she was pretty depressed about life and love and things. Although she had always been more or less faithful to the Canteen, she now became a Monday and Tuesday night regular. She soon discovered that she forgot her own worries in her efforts to cheer up the soldiers and sailors she danced with. Well, it so happened that another Monday night regular was Harry James, and his band. Betty, in the overwhelming arms of an ambitious gob, would nod pleasantly to Harry on the stage, and it might have ended there. But one night her friend Edith Wasserman said to her, "I'm sorry but I won't be able to drive you home tonight, Betty. But Harry James has promised me that he'd see that you got home all right." Mrs. Wasserman definitely started something.

Soon afterwards Harry had to return to New York to fill his sensational engagement at the Paramount—where 7,500 jitterbugs jammed the theater before 8 A.M., and danced in the aisles when he began playing "Two O'Clock Jump" on his trumpet. He and Betty only had six dates before he left Hollywood. Betty was stricken in the midst of "Rosie O'Grady" and had to be rushed to the hospital. Flowers, phone calls and letters arrived every day from Harry James. When I expressed surprise that such a busy man had time to write letters Betty informed me, "The nine weeks before I joined him in New York he wrote me a letter every day. One night when I was with him in the East we got out our letters and counted them. I won. I had written him even more than one letter a day."

Early in June, with "Rosie O'Grady" finished at last, the studio gave Betty permission to take a two weeks vacation in New York. Every night, with her mother and her best friend, Paula Stone, Betty sat at a table at the Hotel Astor and listened to Harry play. After that they would go to a night club, often with members of the band, and discuss music for hours. Betty loved it. "Every place I went with Harry hundreds of jitterbugs suddenly appeared," she said with a laugh. "They never bothered me. I just sat by and twiddled my thumbs while Harry signed autographs." In the afternoons they'd go to baseball games, both of them being baseball addicts of the first water. Harry being practically the only band leader who can dance, they also spent a lot of their time together dancing at the various clubs. Those two are well suited to each other. They have many enthusiasms in common, including their great love for music. "You'd think Harry would be conceited," Betty added, "but he isn't. Not in the least. He's the sweetest, shyest, most thoughtful man in the world. And I'm the luckiest woman in the world. Even in my wildest imaginings I never thought I could be this happy!"

And now, it seems the Harry Jameses are planning to make it a threesome. Betty wants a baby "as soon as possible," she says, and that would make it all perfect.

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LET HALO GLORIFY IT!

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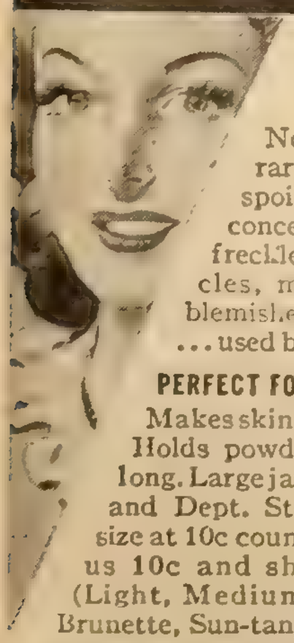

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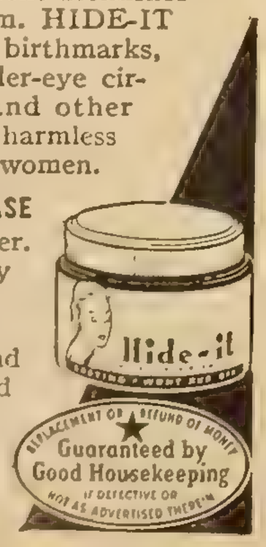


CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
308 W. Erie St., Dept. 4103, Chicago

The Bogarts Of Brawley

Continued from page 37

complicated their lives with a Garbo-complex. But they do like their privacy. "Friends," Bogie once said, "are all right, but the trouble with them they're always dropping in." They had expected to spend a few evenings alone in Brawley, but first thing they knew they were running the Bogart Canteen. There are about 20,000 Marines turned loose in Brawley every evening, and it seems there is no price ceiling in that town. The boys are charged $4 a piece just to sleep in a room with four or five other boys. The Bogarts heard a few of their hard luck stories and the next thing they knew they were entertaining twenty and thirty boys after dinner every evening. They turned over their sitting room to as many as it would accommodate. "Mayo never knew when she woke up," said Bogie, "just how many Marines she'd find in the sitting room."

On Sundays the Bogarts and their good friends, the Pat O'Moores, always invited some of the boys around to play darts with them in the patio of the hotel, with plenty of refreshments on the side. Throwing darts is a favorite pastime of Bogie's. "You should have seen those muscle boys throw darts," he said with a dry laugh. "They'd throw them like hand grenades. When I'd kid them they'd say, 'By the way, Bogie, did I ever show you this judo trick?' And then they'd throw me like a hand grenade."

After Bogie has washed the dinner dishes—that's always the understanding with the Bogarts when they are on their boat or on location: Mayo cooks, and Bogie washes up—they'd often wander down to the hotel lobby to play bridge with some of the card-minded Marines. "It was like playing bridge in the center of Grand Central Station at five o'clock of an afternoon," Bogie said, "with dog fights thrown in for extra excitement. First thing you'd hear would be a series of growls, and the next thing a lamp would come crashing over. We had it all arranged with the hotel manager. If a stray dog came in off the street and picked a fight with Sluggie then the price of the lamp was on the house. But if Sluggie picked the fight we paid for the lamp." Sluggie, it seems, was not named Sluggie without reason. The Bogarts had quite a lamp bill. It would have been even bigger except that Sluggie was laid up for a week. The joy of his life was chasing lizards on the location. But one day in the midst of the chase one of them darted under a rock and Sluggie, coming at full speed, knocked himself out cold.

"You'd meet wonderful characters in the lobby," Bogie continued with a chuckle. Some of the local guys were creeps, but most of them were a lot of fun. There was one character who said he used to be a chorus boy in the original company of 'Good News.' He asked for nothing better in life than a couple of beers and an audience so he could recite 'Fut, fut, fut and fut'—it goes on and on and finally ends with 'one fut in the grave.' After that he'd do Joe Penner imitations. Another character who stayed at the hotel was a cattleman who went around with a gun in his pocket all the time. He used to bat his wife around. J. Carrol Naish had the room next to them, and was afraid that the creep would shoot at her some night and the bullet would come through the wall. 'Never you worry, bub,' the creep told him, 'I been tempted to shoot my wife for years, so I just never bring my gun home loaded.'"

Bogie liked the kids he met on the desert tremendously. One of the companies worked in "Sahara," and Bogie got to know a lot of the boys very well. "We like you," they told him, "but we wish Ann Sheridan was the star of this picture, instead of you." (There isn't a dame in the picture, worse luck for the boys.) Bogie made the discovery that there is a lot of ham in Uncle Sam's Army. Hollywood is likely to be overrun when the boys get back from Africa. In one scene the boys were given the command to retreat towards the camera. A few of them were instructed to die in front of the camera, and the others were supposed to pass on by. When it came time for the "take" the boys pushed and shoved each other in order to die dramatically in front of the camera. Only one soldier, an unimaginative guy, passed out of camera range. The boys who were told to wear German uniforms for several sequences kicked like Texas steers. But when the lieutenant explained the importance of the picture they all agreed.

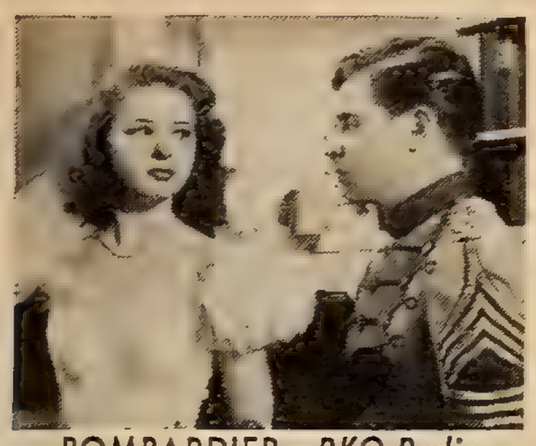
When a "creep" in a restaurant or night club heckles Bogie about being a "tough guy" the said creep is very likely to find himself slugged. But when the Marines teased him he took it good-naturedly. He always fell for their judo gags, though he never knew when it might mean a broken collar bone. However, he admits he did get embarrassed a bit the day a jeepful of Marines visited the desert location and offered to take him for a ride. "He can't go," said Mayo, "until he learns his lines for his next scene." "Yah, yah," kidded one of the Marines, "the toughest guy in America and he lets a little woman push him around!" Bogie merely smiled.

Mayo and Bogie don't give two cents about society. Never have. So it was with great glee that Mayo reported that they had at last made the society page. "After all these years," she said, doubling up with laughter, "the Bogarts made the society columns. The occasion was my birthday party. It was quite an event in Brawley. Bogie gave me a birthday party at the hotel, and I think there must have been 9,000 Marines there. The hotel chef baked me a huge birthday cake with large purple and green bouquets on it. And right across the center he had written in purple icing, LOVE TO THE WIFE. I don't know whether that tender sentiment was Bogie's or his. I suspect it was Bogie's. Anyway, the party made the society column."

Bogie's fellow actors came bearing gifts. The Bruce Bennetts presented Mayo with a giant size frog of colored clay. Rex Ingram presented her with a live desert chuckawalla. J. Carrol Naish tendered a bag of clean sand in memory of the desert sandstorms. Rudy Mate, the cameraman, gave Mayo a blanched oxen's head which he had found on the desert. A very good party.

Bogie is now working at Warner Brothers, his home lot, on a picture called "Conflict," in which he wears a tie, and shaves, to his disgust. This is the picture—it was formerly titled "The Pinnacle"—that he took a suspension for rather than do. But after he and Mayo had had a nice rest on their boat, Bogie decided that he might just as well pretty up a bit and do it. When someone asked him why he changed his mind he said, with typical Bogart humor, "It was called 'The Pinnacle,' and hell, I don't know what a pinnacle is. Then they changed it to 'Conflict.' Well, conflict I know."

Your Guide to Current Films

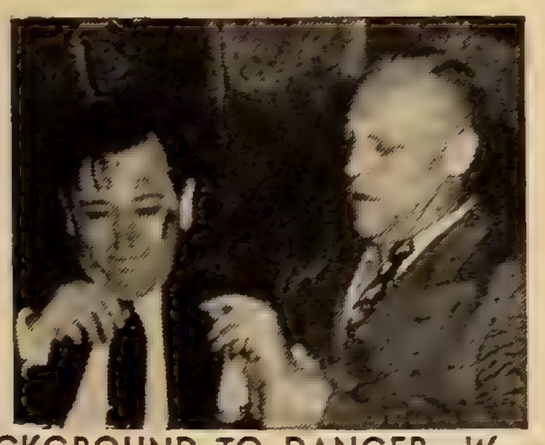


BOMBARDIER—*RKO-Radio*

An entertaining, educational service film which glorifies the American bombardiers—the men who operate the Norden bombsight. It shows the establishment of schools before Pearl Harbor, the training of these high-altitude precision bombardiers for the combat duty made necessary by that treacherous event, and builds up to an exciting, suspenseful climax when the boys are lead by Pat O'Brien, as their instructor, on a bombing raid over Jap territory. O'Brien is capable in that rôle. Randolph Scott, as a pilot, Anne Shirley, the romantic interest, Eddie Albert, Walter Reed, as trainees, give fine performances. Scenes of Jap planes attacking our flying fortresses are stirring.

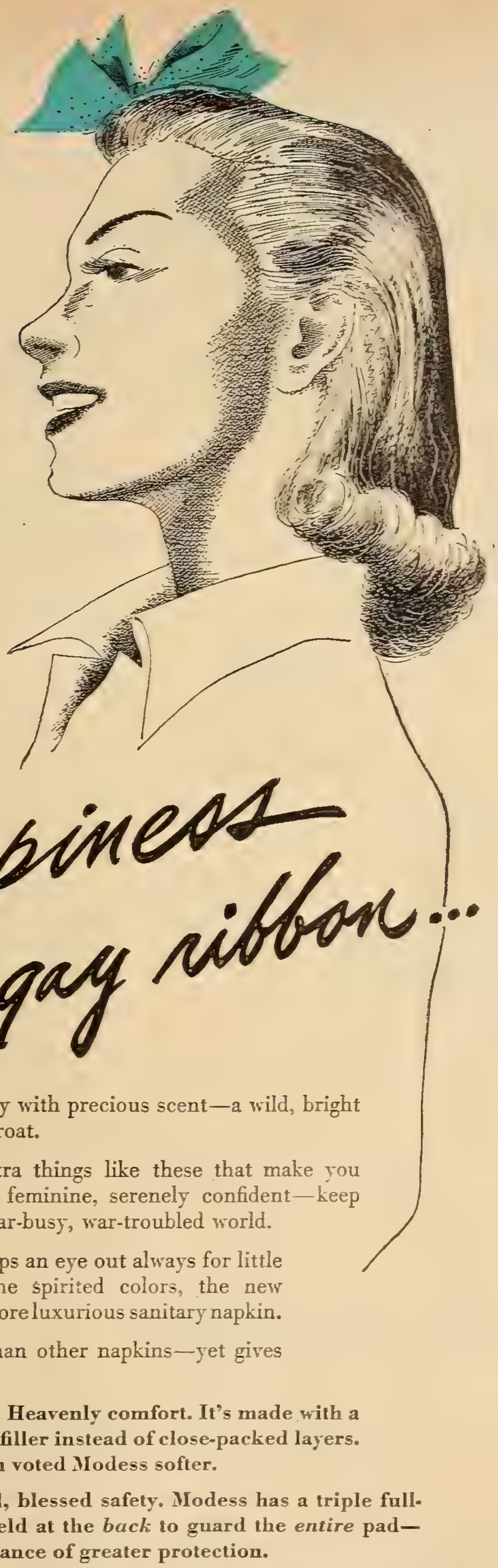
STORMY WEATHER—*20th Century-Fox*

Tuneful, fast-stepping all-Negro musical film which traces the life of hoofer Bill Robinson from the start of his career, after serving in World War I, to present day. The story furnishes an ideal background for the presentation of a cast filled with big-name colored entertainers, including Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, Dooley Wilson, the Nicholas Brothers, Babe Wallace and others. Robinson does a tap dance on drums. Lena Horne, cast as the songstress whom Bill loves and who encourages him in his career, delivers *Stormy Weather* and other torch tunes with sensational effect. Dancing, singing and comedy at a gay jive tempo make this sure-fire entertainment.



BACKGROUND TO DANGER—*Warners*

A suspenseful movie of intrigue and espionage, laid in Turkey, which revolves around the fight between Nazi and Allied agents over phony secret papers which purportedly show a plot by the Soviet to invade Turkey, and with which the Nazis hope to create an incident which will arouse that nation against Russia and serve to sever Turkey's relations with the Allies. If you like excitement you won't mind the implausible story, since it is filled with daring escapes and pursuits—from torture chambers to wild motor chases over mountainous roads. George Raft, as the U. S. secret agent, Peter Lorre and Brenda Marshall, as the Russian agents, and Sydney Greenstreet, as the Nazi spy, all good performances.



It's a wispy hanky with precious scent—a wild, bright scarf at your throat.

For it's little extra things like these that make you feel wonderfully feminine, serenely confident—keep you brave in a war-busy, war-troubled world.

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"A Lady Takes a Chance"

Continued from page 45

Duke said. Then to Mollie, "I want you to meet my better half."

Mollie was pretty sad. It had been so nice, personal and private like, and now it was spoiled. And it was going to get more spoiled. A girl in Western togs passed the table and Duke reached out and swung her around by the belt.

"Why, you bow-legged hunka nothin'!" the girl beamed. "How you doing, Duke?"

"Sit down!" Duke boomed. Then to Mollie, "Want you to meet an old, old friend of mine, Linda Belle."

"Duke!" Another girlish voice hailed him. The voice belonged to Carmencita who sat down promptly on Duke's order only to be followed by Lily. Mollie sat there just glaring. She didn't even look up when Flossie arrived complete with fringed skirt and riding boots.

"Hi'ya, hoss thief!" Flossie slapped Duke across the shoulder. But this time Mollie beat Duke to the draw. Before he could answer she was on her feet.

"Sit down!" she said. And then with her head held high she marched right out of the place and she had reached the souvenir shop on the corner before Duke caught up with her.

"What'sa matter?" he asked. "When I take a girl places, it's kinda unusual she don't have a good time. I'd like to have another chance if it's all right with you."

It was, but just for appearances' sake Mollie gave in gradually. And then she was really seeing the West, for Duke took her to a gambling palace. Golly, Mollie had never had such fun in her life, kissing Duke's dice before he threw them and luck came rolling in with every kiss and the money kept mounting and mounting in front of Duke.

"Hey, you're pretty lucky," a fat man said. "But you ain't fooling me, big boy. You're just lucky count of that little old lucky girl makes you lucky."

"You got something there," Duke said.

"Whadday'a say you lend me your little old lucky girl a few minutes?" the stranger said. "I like to win somethin'."

"You go out and find your own lucky girl," Duke said. He was still trying to be affable but it was a strain with the man leering at Mollie like that.

The man couldn't take no. "Kiss 'em, baby, kiss 'em," he said. And he pushed his dice right against Mollie's lips so hard it hurt and she couldn't help that little cry. It was all Duke needed. In another minute the fat man's chin was caught by Duke's fist and he went flying over the bar.

"Jeepers!" Mollie said. "Jeepers!"

The place was in an uproar as the fat man got back to his feet and lunged at Duke. Tables crashed and chairs crumbled as everyone in the place began taking sides. It was no place for a lady and after Duke had knocked down three men cold he picked her up and carrying her to a window threw her down onto the hay wagon parked under it and before she caught her breath Duke came sailing out of the window and landed beside her. Mollie smiled at him adoringly.

"I just about think this is the most interesting evening I ever spent," she said. Then anxiously, "You got the time?"

"You're okay," Duke said peering at his watch. "You married?"

"Well, my gosh!" Mollie gasped. "If I was would I be doing this? Of course I don't want to give you the impression I haven't been asked. Are you?"

"No," Duke grinned. "Of course I don't want you to get the impression I ever asked anybody."

"Why not?" Mollie whispered expectantly. She could just hear the answer.

"I don't believe in it," Duke said, and all Mollie's hopes went flat.

"Well," she gulped, "lots of people are married and they seem to like it fine."

"No, they don't," Duke said. "They just make out like they like it because they're ashamed to admit they made a mistake."

Mollie was too smart to answer that one.

"I was just thinking," she said dreamily. "I wish we'd landed on your horse instead of this old hay wagon. We could have gone riding through the night, like the wind. What's your horse's name?"

"Sammy," Duke said.

"Sammy." Mollie thought it over. "That's a wonderful name for a horse. I've got a horse, too. Her name is Gwendolyn. She's white all over and she's got a nose like velvet and a coat like—golly! And her eyes. You should see her eyes. Like hamburgers."

"Well, I'll be doggoned." Duke edged a little closer. He wasn't acting at all like a man who didn't believe in marriage. "Where do you keep her?"

"In my head," Mollie sighed. And then as Duke sat up indignantly thinking he'd been taken she went on wistfully, "She's the loveliest horse that ever was. Only trouble is no one can see her but me."

That got Duke. Poor kid, wanting a horse that badly. He'd never felt so touched in his life.

"When did I ever meet a girl like you?" he said.

"Jeepers!" Mollie's shaken smile came with his face close to hers like that. "When did I ever meet a fella like you?" And then as his hand reached out and he touched her something happened to her breathing. She just couldn't.

"I—I think I better get the bus," she gasped.

But the bus wasn't there when they got to the terminal. Only her suitcase was there in the waiting room.

"What's the idea the bus leaving before ten, like they said?" she demanded, and then as the attendant pointed to the clock they said twenty minutes after twelve Duke took out his watch and stared at it.

"Musta been having a right good time, lady," the attendant said. "They said to tell you you can get the bus coming back Saturday morning over at Gold City."

"We're playing Gold City, Thursday, Friday, Saturday," Duke said, banging his watch against the wall trying to make it go again. "Me and Waco, we're driving there tomorrow."

"But I'll miss the Columbia Gorge and the Pacific Ocean and the Waterfalls of Seven Delights," Mollie sighed. "You don't know how I've been counting on it. Well, I guess I'd better find a hotel."

"You may have a little trouble." Duke picked up her suitcase. "This here being a rodeo town, hotels are usually full. But you can have my room."

"Where'll you sleep?" Mollie asked.

"I don't usually have much trouble," Duke said. "Let's go."

"Golly!" Mollie looked at him as if he were Sir Galahad. "I wish all ladies in distress could meet up with fellas like you."

But when they went up to the room and Duke woke up Waco who just picked up his clothes and went out as if he were used to this sort of thing and Duke not only stayed but began lowering all the shades, Mollie began wondering. Then when Duke tossed his hat on the bed and came toward her, arms held wide and that confident look in his eyes, she stopped wondering. His arms

"A LADY TAKES A CHANCE"
(RKO-Radio Picture)

Original story by Jo Swerling. Screenplay by Robert Ardrey. Frank Ross, producer. Richard Ross, associate producer. William A. Seiter, director.

Mollie Truesdale .....Jean Arthur
Duke Hudkins .....John Wayne
Waco .....Charles Winninger
Smiley .....Phil Silvers
Weatherford .....John Philliber
Florrie .....Mary Field
Bob .....Grant Withers

went around her neck and she pushed him away. He pretended bewilderment but he couldn't fool Mollie any more. She knew. She picked up her suitcase and when he tried to take it away Mollie yanked it back so hard it flopped open and everything spilled on the floor.

"I'll go sleep in the park." Mollie wanted to cry. "All they got out there is bears."

"There ain't no park," Duke said. "Stay here. I'll git."

Mollie heard the door slam behind him. Mollie took three little steps toward it and stopped. "Oh!" she said in a thin little piping voice. And then she began to cry.

Mollie didn't sleep much that night but she was young and it didn't show on her face in the morning. A good thing, too, for Mollie had to look her best. Most of her money had been put in that bus ticket and she had to hitchhike. But even though Mollie tried all the most alluring signals ten cars passed before one stopped. It was an old jalopy and it was hauling a horse trailer, but Molly didn't mind until she saw it was Duke who was driving it.

"Never mind," she said haughtily and turned away.

It helped after that to have the big, expensive-looking roadster stop and to sit beside the handsome driver and be able to signal derisively at Duke as they whizzed by. The only trouble was it wasn't going all the way and Mollie was left at a crossroad practically in the middle of a desert. The skull of a steer leered up at her. She moved away but it didn't help. A car didn't come by for hours. It got dark. A coyote yelled and she almost screamed. She was so relieved she could have cried when she saw headlights coming up the road at last. It was Duke. But this time she wasn't proud. This time she climbed into the car and sat meekly down beside Waco.

"Thank you very much," she said humbly. And that was the last that was said until the car stopped and they all got out. They were going to sleep on the desert.

Since she'd stopped being scared Mollie had become proud again. She didn't say anything while Duke built a fire and made supper. She didn't say anything while they ate. Finally Duke couldn't stand it.

"Lookit, Miss Truesdale," he said. "Is there any good reason you and me should sit around here insultin' each other?"

"I insulted you, Mister Hudkins?" Her eyebrows lifted. "I'm sorry."

"Quit calling me Mr. Hudkins," he said.

"Anything else I could call you, Mister Hudkins," she said stiffly, "would hardly be appropriate for a lady to utter."

Duke only got up and stretched.

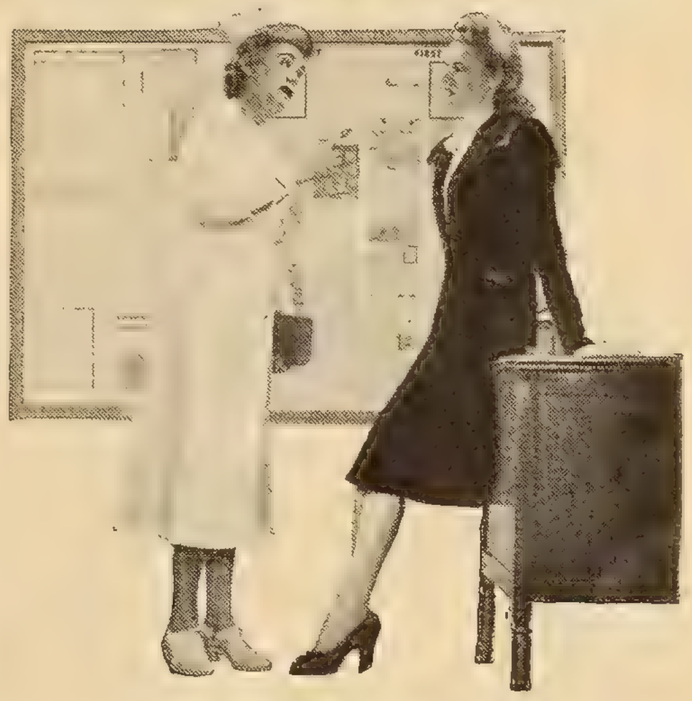
"Well, time to go to bed," he said. "Hope you won't mind sleeping on the same desert with me."

It really was silly, Mollie thought, the way Duke was fussing over that horse of his, getting him to lie down as if it were a

"I'm your wife...remember!?!"

1. We had been perfect mates . . . at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me . . . without even *looking* at me. It was maddening!

2. At home-nursing class one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it *could* be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. When I asked her what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene . . . it cleanses thoroughly . . . and deodorizes." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.

4. That advice turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always . . . it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now . . . with *flowers!*

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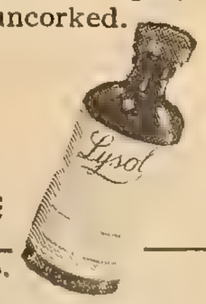
Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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baby and putting a blanket on him so tenderly.

"Aren't you going to put a rope on him?" she said as Duke finally finished fussing.

"How'd you like me to put a rope on you?" he said indignantly.

"I wouldn't," Mollie said. "But I'm not a horse."

"What's the difference?" He began putting out the fire. "Anything that ties you down is no good. Like a steady job or if you own a ranch. Take me. Could I go where I want when I want to? Or do? I don't like any business but the one I'm in. Living the way I like to. By myself."

"It sounds lonesome," Mollie said.

"Maybe." Duke hauled some blankets out of the car and threw one on her. "But me, I don't like ropes. Goodnight."

He went over to Waco who was already asleep and lay down beside him. In a minute he was asleep, too. Mollie couldn't sleep. It was cold and the coyotes were howling. She started to shiver and getting up took the blanket off Sammy and wrapped it around herself. It didn't help much. Another coyote howled and she crawled over toward Duke. She finally lay down about a foot away from him. Then as she began nodding she edged closer and closer.

The sun woke her up. At first she just lay there thinking what a comfortable pillow she was sleeping on, then as she opened her eyes she saw the pillow was Duke's arm. She was all ready to settle back to sleep again when she remembered and scrambled to her feet. And just then Sammy sneezed and Duke woke with a start.

"What's that?" he demanded. Then as Sammy sneezed again he looked at him and saw him blanketless. Worse, he saw Sammy's blanket still wrapped around Mollie.

"Ain't you got no respect for nothin'?" he demanded furiously. "Stealing a horse's blanket. Waco, get going. Sammy's got a cold. We gotta get to Gold City and fast."

Sammy had sneezed and there was no breakfast, no lunch. Mollie was pretty disgusted sitting on the running board of the car in the veterinarian's yard looking through the open barn door at Duke kneeling beside Sammy as the vet examined him and listening to the crunch Waco's shoes made in the gravel as he paced nervously up and down.

"I've never seen such a fuss and ruckus!" Mollie said indignantly. "Just 'cause a horse sneezes. It's just a cold in the nose. I've had lots of colds in the noses."

Just then the vet straightened. He looked serious.

"You've got a pretty sick horse," he said to Duke. "No use beatin' around the bush. Maybe pneumonia's started, maybe not. Whyn't you come around five or six this afternoon? Either he'll be okay or we'll know."

Duke looked as if he'd been kicked in the stomach.

"Wish it was me sick instead of him," he said. "Least I could say where it hurt. He can't."

"Duke," Mollie said. Her voice sounded choked. She went over to him and put her hand on his arm. Her eyes looked sorry. "Oh, Duke, it was my fault."

"It's all right, Mollie." Duke didn't sound mad. It was worse the way he sounded, so aloof and distant. "Been nice knowing you." And he walked away.

"I was right about him." Mollie looked disconsolately at Waco. "He's the most unusual man I ever met. He certainly is the right fella for the right girl."

Waco looked frightened. He picked up her suitcase but Mollie shook her head.

"I'm not leaving just yet," she said firmly. "My bus doesn't go until morning. I'll stay here, so I can go to the rodeo and let Duke know if anything happens or—"

"Mollie, I want to give you some advice," Waco said. "Go home. I'm an old man and I like you. Now I know Duke and I know women, all kinds. I know your kind and if you don't watch out you're gonna get your heart broke. You're barking up the wrong cowboy."

"Listen!" Mollie said. "Any fella can love a horse can love a girl." She gave Waco a long challenging look. "Betcha!" She said firmly. Waco only shook his head and left.

The rodeo was on full force when Mollie arrived breathless.

"Duke," she called from the other side of the fence. "Sammy—"

She was almost crying and Duke leaped off a bronco and ran over to her. His face was set. Desperate. "Sammy what?" he said expecting the worst.

"He's okay," Mollie could only whisper. And then she was really crying and Duke's arms went around her.

"Good doctor, that Humbolt. He's the man I'm gonna see if I ever get took sick," he said jubilantly. Then his finger went up to her eyes and he wiped away a tear. "Don't cry, Mollie," he said. "Nuthin' to cry about."

What girl wouldn't hope again after that? Mollie felt confident again. All Duke needed was a little technique now. So instead of taking a room at the hotel she took one of the cabins in back for the homey atmosphere she was going to introduce to Duke. She was going to show him how comfortable a home could be and how nice it was to have a woman around. Mollie certainly was a girl who knew how to dish out technique.

She went shopping, not just for things to eat, but for things to give the right look to the room. Candles and a tablecloth and napkins and silverware from the local five and ten. She even spent her last cent buying flowers, some for the table and some for her hair.

Duke didn't protest too much when he came to take Mollie for dinner and she suggested having it there instead. He thought he'd made a mistake, though, when the cocktails Mollie had mentioned turned out to be made of tomato juice. But Mollie could cook, and Duke enjoyed dinner even if he didn't quite know what to make of the table decked out so elaborately that no one would have suspected it was just a folding bridge table. He felt a little uncomfortable, but he liked it. When he began smiling Mollie felt the time had come to plunge.

"You know, Duke," she said softly, "all we've been together and all the fun we've had and—and I hardly knew anything about you. Gee, there's a million things about you I'd—"

She stopped as she saw him begin making faces. Terrible faces. And then he pointed to his mouth and she saw something was stuck in it and looking down on the gooey cake on her own plate that she hadn't touched yet she realized what it was.

"Here." She poured him some coffee. "Drink this. It'll sort of loosen it up." Then as Duke did and he began being able to move his mouth again, she leaned forward.

"Gee, I'm sorry," she said. "It's just I wanted to have everything fancy for you."

The table was small. Her forehead was practically against his. Neither one of them knew how it happened, if it was Duke who kissed Mollie or Mollie who kissed Duke. Anyway it was quite a kiss. It was different from anything Duke had ever run into before. As they drew away he looked practically slap-happy.

She had him on the ropes. Now she was going to give the decisive domestic punch line. "Let's clean up things," she said

breathlessly. "Then maybe we can talk. We can talk and—"

He was still smiling as she took a frilly little apron off a hook and tied it around his middle. He took a dish away from her and began wiping it as if he loved doing it. And then suddenly he looked up and saw himself in the wardrobe mirror and the smile was gone.

"I look like a husband," he sounded aghast. "I'm drunk. I ain't had a drink all night, and I'm drunk."

"Oh, gosh!" Mollie's voice rose despairingly. "I thought—"

"I know what you thought!" he bellowed. "But you come to the wrong place, Mollie. I ain't built that way. I ain't gonna get hooked. I got my own way of livin' and I don't want nobody changing it. Lemme alone and quit tryin' to hook me!"

"I wasn't trying to—" Mollie tried to look dignified but it was hard with her tears coming that way.

"Don't start cryin'!' His voice sounded gentle. "Mollie, just let me say this. If I wanted to get hooked, I'd let you hook me. I don't know anybody else I would." Suddenly he tore off the apron and strode to the door. *"But I don't want to get hooked!"* And he took his hat and almost ran out of the door.

She couldn't believe she wasn't going to have another chance. She couldn't believe he wasn't coming to say goodbye. But he didn't. And it certainly didn't help much to have Smiley Lambert leer at her when she got on the bus.

"Hope you're none the worse for wear, kid, like they say," he winked.

"And just what do you mean by that, Mister Lambert?" Mollie said discovering she could still sound indignant. But it took the last bit of her strength. She couldn't do anything after that but just sit there remembering and remembering.

Malcom and Grey and Bob were waiting for her at the bus terminal. Malcom had brought her a corsage and the three of them began fighting about who was to take her home. But it didn't help any. She started walking through the revolving door and the three of them started after her when suddenly they saw her coming back through the revolving door again. Only she wasn't walking, she was being carried. They couldn't believe their eyes at first seeing that cowboy carrying Mollie just like he owned her.

They all crowded around, united for once against this common enemy, this outsider, but Duke only pushed past them and kept on carrying Mollie right to a bus that was headed West. Only when they got on did Mollie find her voice again.

"Just a minute!" she said, mustering all her dignity. "I'm not getting back on a bus. I just got off a bus. This is New York City, you know. You can't just come charging in here and decide everything for everybody. If you think I'm gonna go through again what I went through before —well, you're certainly mistaken, Duke."

He smiled then as he put her down in the seat and sat down beside her. Her heart felt as if it had turned to jelly. But he didn't have to think all he had to do was smile and she'd come running.

"Listen, Duke," she said. "Even if I changed my mind and even if I wanted to go back with you, I can't. I'll lose my job."

"That's all right," Duke said. "I've got a job for you. I fired Waco."

She started to say something but Duke pulled her close and kissed her. The bus started with a violent jerk and Duke and Mollie bounced with it but they kept on kissing. None of the passengers had ever seen anything like it. This was a romance for keeps, they decided. If those bumps couldn't shake them loose, nothing in the world could ever.

PHOTO *at right shows results of test.* Hand at left did *not* use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime and grease cling, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

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The Man Who's Had Everything

Continued from page 23

previewed they promptly took up the option —at $1,000 a week. But his contract with his stage producers stipulated he was to play the Chicago run of "The Last Mile" and several other large cities. He went back to fulfill his obligations and was off the screen nine months with only his one big hit to his credit.

When he returned to Hollywood the hullabaloo he had caused had died down. But he was promptly put into "Quick Millions" —a picture that couldn't quite make up its mind whether to be a comedy or a drama, succeeded in being neither and ended with almost the entire last reel devoted to a dry preachment against gangsterism.

From then on it looked as though Spence's film career was doomed. His contract called for yearly options and Fox were determined to get their money's worth out of him. He went from one bad picture to another that was worse. Warner Brothers borrowed him for the lead in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" in which Bette Davis played opposite him, and he turned in an impressive performance. But the same company was making "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" at the same time. The latter starred Paul Muni. The two pictures were similar in theme and, as Muni was a Warner Brothers star, his film received the benefit of the publicity campaigns and "Sing Sing" went unsung and almost unnoticed.

Columbia borrowed him for the lead in "A Man's Castle" in which he and Loretta Young were starred. It came darned near winning the Academy Award for the best picture of the year. But it did Spence little good. When he returned to his home lot nothing was changed. Winfield Sheehan, head of the studio, had steadfast faith in Spence, but he seemed unable to find decent pictures for him.

It was about that time Spencer called me one day and asked me to have lunch with him. "I don't know what to do," he reflected gloomily. "They keep putting me in these rotten pictures that nobody goes to see. I have no box-office. My option is coming up and my next raise is to $1500. They'll never pay it."

But they did. And Spencer continued making pictures nobody went to see.

About a year later he called me once more. "I want to ask you something nobody but a ham would ask," he said. His face reddened in embarrassment but he faced me squarely. "Do you think," he queried, "there is any real place for me in pictures?"

"Place for you in pictures?" I echoed. "You're one of the three or four best actors on the screen today."

"My option is coming up again and I'm thinking of asking for a release. Do you think I could get a job at another studio?"

"If you can't," I retorted hotly, "the picture industry had better call it a day and fold up. You might do better at another studio. You couldn't do worse. Universal let Bette Davis go and look what Warners did with her. M-G-M let Deanna Durbin go and look what happened to her at Universal. Warners let Ginger Rogers go and look at her now."

He signed with M-G-M shortly after that.

As nearly as I remember, his first part under his new contract was as the priest in "San Francisco" with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. Spence wrapped up the picture and walked away with it. He was set.

A year or two later he won the Academy Award and repeated his performance the following year. And that from the man who three years before had asked me if there was any real place for him in pictures!

But if Time brought success it has brought heartaches, too.

"I've often wondered," I said to him recently, "if success is worth the price you've paid for it."

"What do you mean?" he asked suspiciously.

"Perhaps I'm wrong," I replied, "but it seems to me you are one of the unhappiest people I know. I can't figure out how much of the change in you is attributable to the fact you are thirteen years older now than you were when I first met you and how much is due to the change in your position. I think, though, you've paid one hell of a price for success. You're an insomniac now, you haven't much home life, you rarely go anywhere nights, and don't seem to me to get any enjoyment out of life. I believe those two Oscars have brought you more grief than joy because I think every time you start a new picture you're worried to death for fear your performance won't measure up to them."

Spence pondered all this for a few moments. "We all change as we grow older," he said finally. "Our senses become dulled to an extent. There isn't that zest for living we have when we're young. Repetition takes the edge off our enjoyment. You can't keep going to fights and wrestling matches year in and year out. You become bored with them. I've never cared for night clubs. Fun lies in different directions as you mature.

"Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy and Lynne Overman and I used to have dinner together

Another lovely newcomer to the screen is starlet Trudy Marshall, appearing in "The Dancing Masters," for 20th Century-Fox.

once a week—until Lynne died and Ralph went back to the stage. We had more fun then than I have ever had in any way. Jimmy, Frank, Pat and I will get together again when Frank and Pat get back. In the meantime, Jimmy and I still have dinner together a couple of times a week and we still have fun in our own way. We can't do all the things we used to. Jimmy hasn't time. I don't know anyone in Hollywood who does as much war work as he—and with less fanfare. In addition, he's president of the Screen Actors' Guild and he's on the board of directors of a couple of other actors' organizations. Wasn't it swell he won that Oscar?" he broke off suddenly. "He should have had it years ago.

"As far as my home life goes," he went on slowly, "*you* know that even before I came to Hollywood I've always had an apartment away from home when I was working. I get edgy and it isn't fair to my family to inflict my moods on them. Now, with this gas and tire rationing I can't live on the ranch with them all the time. It's too far away from the studio. But I go out there as often as I can—three or four nights a week. Other actors are away from their homes three or four nights a week with their war activities and their wives see no more of them than Louise and I see of each other. Only I think most of them are not as happy to see each other when they are together as Louise and I.

"About those Oscars: you're barking up the wrong tree, mister! They don't worry me. The only thing that worries me is whether the pictures I'm going into are going to be good and whether I'll be able to get all out of the part there is in it. No actor who takes his work seriously can help worrying over those things. If that kind of worry makes me seem moody or grouchy, I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do about it."

You often read this or that actor reminds a writer of a small boy. It is more true of Spence than anyone else I know. His enthusiasms are, and always have been, those of a kid. When he speaks of his family his face lights up and he has the same naïve pride in them most boys have in their fathers.

At one time the Office of War Information was going to send him on a mission to the islands in the Pacific. It fell through. Another time they were going to send him to Africa and that project, too, failed to jell. But while they were hanging fire Spence was as thrilled as though he had been the first to fly the Atlantic.

Just now he is all worked up over a vaudeville unit the studio is building around him to tour the Army camps. Spence will be the master of ceremonies and also appear in a sketch—a comedy. There will be singers, dancers and other varieties of entertainment.

"Irene," he said enthusiastically, referring to Irene Dunne who is appearing with him in "A Guy Named Joe," "has promised to go out with us for the first show if she isn't working. Mickey Rooney has promised to go out once, and so have Judy Garland and others. Of course, we can't keep them all with us all the time but there will always be a guest star and, even though the other performers are not always the same, the show will be.

"You say," he went on, suddenly changing the topic, "you think I'm unhappy. I'm not. Happiness is such an illusory—such an elusive thing—who can say exactly what constitutes happiness? Life can't be always at the high water mark—not for anyone. I only know I have had a fuller life than most people and if there have been shadows there have been highlights, too.

"No, pal," he finished softly, "don't ever feel sorry for me. I've done all right."

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GOLDEN GLINT

Meet Claudia

Continued from page 25

scoring her stage victory much of the publicity projected the idea that Dorothy actually *was Claudia*—a veritable counterpart of the giddy, gabby child-wife with a whimsical turn of mind whose funny remarks kept the audience in stitches.

Doubtless you know this *Claudia,* for she is a popular and piquant figure in current literature. In the play she was quite an order to portray. Besides being a kind of dipsydoodle she had to meet tragedy courageously. Dorothy, in interpreting her, had to register poignant drama and comedy.

With considerable decisiveness Dorothy torpedoes the *Claudia* resemblance rumor. "Someone called Claudia a 'brilliant nincompoop,'" she told me on our first meeting, "and I think it's a swell description. But heavens, if I had to do and think as *Claudia* does at times I'd wonder if I were in my right mind. *Claudia's* fun but she's frequently screwball.

"Over all, though, she's a perfectly exhilarating girl to portray because she is forever experimenting with life, especially where men are concerned. She's always putting them in a test tube to find out what makes them so attractive 'chemically' or otherwise. Then, too, there's her other, serious side—devotion to her mother."

It wasn't a case of love at first sight between Dorothy and *Claudia,* however. She wasn't "sold" on the rôle, and her acceptance of the part, the way she came to get it and all, were a happy accident.

"The play that I was really interested in about the time 'Claudia' was coming to life was a dramatic one titled 'Liberty Jones,' written, you know, by Philip Barry," declared Dorothy. "I just *lived* for the opportunity of appearing in *that.* While it only lasted two weeks when it was produced in New York, I felt then and still feel it was *divine*—nothing less! But I lost out on even playing it for that long. When I received word that another actress had been chosen for 'Liberty Jones,' it was as if my whole career had been shattered because I wanted it so much. Therefore, when the 'Claudia' opportunity came along, I was more or less numbed.

"I didn't react to the character at all. I read the 'Claudia' part for John Golden, the producer, and Miss Franken, but I didn't think my reading even made sense. I felt all unhinged. I was in a mood by this time to quit the theater for good.

"It was at my moment of deepest uncertainty that Miss Franken suggested: 'I think you had better plan on going up country to my house for the week-end. We'll visit, get better acquainted with each other, and with *Claudia.*

"I had the strangest set of emotions: To hear from Miss Franken gave me a lift. It sort of half restored my confidence. Yet at the same time I was so completely indifferent about the whole thing. I couldn't believe I was fitted for the part. I knew that Miss Franken and Mr. Golden had interviewed some two hundred actresses.

"That was all the more reason why I couldn't even conceive that Miss Franken wanted me. Still—and this is very strange, indeed—I felt down deep inside me that 'Claudia' somehow was my destiny! And even stranger, I had only one impulse and that was to run away from the character and the play at that very moment. When you're finally at the threshold of good fortune it often scares you away.

"Maybe all this sounds terribly mixed up, but frankly I was going through just such a set of scrambled reactions. I think now I can explain the reason for all my great confusion at that time. I couldn't then.

"Actually, I believe I just hadn't dared entertain the hope of getting the 'Claudia' break. So often I had missed chances to undertake the leading rôle in an important play, and had to settle for an understudy or some rather insignificant part. You see, I understudied Martha Scott in 'Our Town' and Julie Haydn in 'Time Of Your Life.'

"I must have had the subconscious fear that I might be handed another understudy in 'Claudia.' Undoubtedly, I was trying to protect myself against that. I'm sure now I just couldn't have faced being 'second choice' once more!"

That trip up country settled many things for Dorothy. She just about quit "fighting fate" thereafter. Incidentally, her detachment toward the "Claudia" rôle helped give it the enormous sincerity and vitality that distinguished it on the stage. She didn't attempt to be funny. She was lackadaisical and perfectly natural. The public right then and there concluded that she *was Claudia* . . . born to the part. It was one of those spontaneous happenings which occur once, perhaps, in a dozen years.

The thing that amazed me when I met Dorothy, above all else, was that in spite of her remarkable stage conquest, she had apparently retained clear and undefiled her true sense of values. There was nothing about her that suggested the "star."

When I lunched with her at the Café de Paris at Twentieth Century-Fox studio her attire even fit the description, "plain and simple," for it consisted of brown slacks and a beige-toned mannish tweed jacket. She wore no nail polish, and her hair had a windblown air about it, and a great way of flopping into her blue eyes as she grew animated in the conversation.

Dorothy definitely takes her place as a personality different from any that is known to filmgoers. She doesn't conform to the Hollywood pattern nor, for that maater, to any other pattern. She doesn't chatter with that assurance typical of most stars, even young ones, who are "giving out" with an interview. Dorothy McGuire considers the answer to any serious question you put to her as if the weight of the world depended upon it. If it's the least bit off the beam or if she isn't quite sure of the answer, her fingers unconsciously reach for a lock of her hair and she clings to it like an anchor while she mentally decides what form the response is to take. And she'll agonize until she is sure that she is stating what she means with honesty and exactitude. It may only be part of a sentence that expresses what she feels but it reaches you with a dynamic impact.

Much of the time Dorothy sails along in her conversation blithely, especially when she is talking about the theater. She almost sobbed when she told me of why she loved going on tour with plays. She practically shed tears of reverence during the telling of traveling over the same roadbeds leading to towns that the great ones of the past in the theater had visited.

"I used to sit with my face pressed to the train window," she said with whimsy and tenderness, "repeating to myself: 'Here are the scenes they too saw as they traversed this road bringing the magic of their art to the workaday world—the world of reality.'

"Sometimes I'd hardly go to sleep at night. I still wanted to keep on gazing even into the blackness trying to imagine myself among the company of the artists who have written the history of acting and entertainment in this country. There is something so wonderful about knowing that in your very small way you too may

belong to that assemblage, you too perhaps may one day link hands in the fulfillment of your dreams with that gallant group of great ones."

Unquestionably her attitude of idolatry toward the celebrated figures in theatrical history caused Dorothy to thrill to the utmost over her association with John Barrymore in "My Dear Children." The fact that this was not one of the great John's more legitimate stage successes did not lessen the joy of her actually taking part in a play with so noted a star.

"I shall never be able to fully express my gratefulness for being in the same company, *on the very same stage,* with Mr. Barrymore! It was an education in acting.

The habit of work and the striving for highest goals in the acting profession have been part and parcel of Dorothy's consciousness since she was a young girl of 13. At that time she made her début in Omaha, her home town, in Sir James Matthew Barrie's play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," and had none other than Henry Fonda, a guest star, as her leading man.

However, Dorothy was no ordinary baleful "child wonder;" she had a great deal of ability. At the time, Violet Heming, prominent on the stage, remarked that this youngster was born for an acting career. She said she had a natural intuition for the art and was like a breath of spring.

The astonishing thing is that those words still fit Dorothy to a T. The intervening years—Dorothy is about 24 now—have not altered her talent. It is the kind of talent that is often full blown at the very outset.

Dorothy has an almost child-like outlook even now on the glamor that pervades the profession she's chosen. Her viewpoint on it is entirely idealistic. When she was in the theater she lived in her own way. There was no chi-chi about it. Since she has come to Hollywood she has maintained the same spirit of simplicity.

In New York she lived in a walk-up apartment which cost her $60.00 per month. She did not own a car, nearly always footed to and from the theater, was famous for the absence of the usual theatrical gorgeousness in all her surroundings. Yet there is never anything lacking in taste in the setting for the McGuire individuality.

Since coming to Hollywood she has secured a car but that is because there is no other means of transportation around the film town. Her household both in New York and Hollywood consists of a maid who came from her family home in Omaha. Dorothy is an only child and her parents still reside in the Nebraska capital.

Her marriage to John Swope, in July, caught the Hollywood gossips gaping as they had her romancing with Capt. James Stewart—who, as John's best friend, was best man at the wedding. Dorothy's new husband is the son of George Swope, president of General Electric. The groom is vice-president of Southwest Airways, Inc., and manager of Thunderbird Field.

What the future will hold for Dorothy in pictures is a matter of conjecture. Possibly "Claudia" will turn into a series of films like the "Hardy" family. Rose Franken, the author, has kept her heroine alive for several years without much trouble.

People respond to the character for some reason, probably because *Claudia* represents a sort of revolution against heavy mental responsibilities, a delightful little escapist, yet capable of taking real problems seriously.

Well, if Dorothy McGuire continues playing *Claudia* in pictures, one thing is certain. People more than ever will swear, aver, avow, asseverate that she *is* Claudia, and nobody else. As a matter of fact, nobody else could be!

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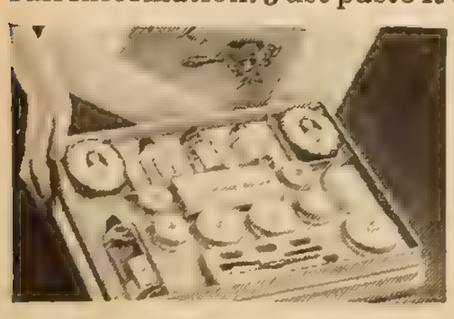

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That New Boy Bob Walker

Continued from page 27

licity department. Five magazine interviews were lined up with dozens of requests for Bob Walker art and material. Our conversation was very informal—for we had mutual interests to discuss. Without any flossy questions, or anticipated replies with chosen words, I wanted to know all about Bob. At the same time, it so happens that this is his first interview.

"Phil had been signed for 'Song of Bernadette' and she was expecting to leave for Hollywood momentarily. I had a good number of radio shows in New York. In fact, I was doing all right. But I didn't want us to be separated. Phil in Hollywood and me in New York, 3000 miles between us. We've always been together.

"I was thrilled, more thrilled perhaps when Phil got her chance first, than when mine came. I was eager for her to continue her career. Please understand, we didn't want to be separated. Rather than be apart, I decided to chuck my radio shows and come with her. I felt reasonably sure I could get radio work in Hollywood.

"However, my agent in New York suggested, 'Why don't you take a fling in pictures too, Bob? They need new leading men.' It was on his persuasion that we went over to New York's M-G-M office," Bob continued. "It so happened that Mr. Mayer was in New York. I was taken in for an interview. The next day I was making a test. And by the fifth day I was told to leave immediately for Hollywood!

"In one day Phil and I stored our furniture. She took the children, Bobby and Michael, and went west. I followed as soon as possible. Before we could unpack in Hollywood, there I was before the camera with Bob Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, George Murphy, Lloyd Nolan, Lee Bowman and Desi Arnaz. Sounds like fiction, doesn't it?" Bob smiled that engaging grin that's going to captivate college co-eds and loyal little Rosie-the-Riveteers from coast to coast.

"Gas rationing was scaring everyone from renting big houses in Hollywood," he added. "Everyone was taking small apartments close in. We couldn't find a small house or a small apartment anywhere. Here's another amazing thing that happened. A real estate agent offered us the former home of Tyrone Power (where he lived before he married Annabella) for much less money than a small house. So here we are in Hollywood a few short weeks—Phil playing the lead in a best-seller, and me starting the lead in a best-seller, and living in Tyrone Power's house in Bel Air! And having Bob Taylor, such a swell fellow, for a friend—and me making cinema love to Greer Garson!"

Bob shook his head—and laughed right out loud. "Just doesn't seem possible!"

But this is only part of the most amazing story to come out of Hollywood in a decade. To start at all, we must start right back at the beginning. Back in Ogden, Utah, when I knew Bob—when!

Bob was born in Salt Lake City. His father was a newspaper editor. Then the family moved to Ogden. At Central Junior High School, Bob was the despair of his teachers. Bright, intelligent, but too active to pore over books. "At math I was terrible." D. H. Adams, our principal, was a kindly man, seasoned through forty-five years of handling young people in school. "If young Walker ever hits his stride, he'll do all right," he used to say. "He's an energetic youngster. Just needs to get himself set."

But Bob cut one shenanigan too many. His family despaired of his poor grades. And when his aunt, Hortense Odlum of New York, who owns and runs Bonwit Teller, came to Ogden for a summer visit, she was Lady Bountiful personified, as far as her young nephew was concerned. She offered to send Bob to the San Diego Army and Navy Academy. A bit of military discipline, no doubt, would straighten out all his youthful perplexities. It did.

"I took dramatic art at school, because I thought it would be one of the easiest courses to get through," Bob admits. "Instead, for the first time in my life, I found something I liked to do."

The dramatic teacher was elated with Bob. She encouraged him to make it a life job. In fact, he stayed at the Military Academy five years—just to work with this drama coach. His talent won two scholarships to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. But Aunt Hortense again stepped in as Lady Bountiful, and offered to send him through the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York.

This was in 1937. Bob stopped off in Ogden on the way East. And the paper published his picture: Home-town boy going to Broadway, was the caption. Gifted young actor for whom big things were predicted by genial editor Glen Perrins.

Two summers later, Bob came home again. This time with one of the prettiest girls Ogden had ever seen tucked under his arm. Bob's bride, said the society item that announced the young couple were on their honeymoon.

Miss Jones professionally, she was. To Bob—Phil. She also was an aspiring young actress. They had attended classes together at the American Academy in New York. They had rehearsed together—played scenes, read plays, and dreamed of a future in the vacillating fortunes of the theater—together.

Bob had a cycloramic story to tell. About Broadway. Starving for art's sake. How he had lived in a cooperative lodge where he worked for his bed. How his brother had finally staked him to ten dollars a week—every cent of which went for food and clothing. An actor, even an aspiring one, must eat, and must have sartorial appeal. Front—that's it. Good clothes for front to attract a producer. To make Broadway visualize him as a young matinée idol. But in spite of daily pounding the pavement, Bob had to admit that Broadway wanted none of him.

It was a case of real love between Bob and Miss Jones. There was no money for a dashing courtship. Just walks in Central Park, strolls along Broadway, hunting books and poring over plays in the public library. Sometimes a sandwich at the Automat.

Their first acting job was the occasion of jubilant rejoicing: A spot in a play at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village at fifty cents a performance.

Of course Ogden heard the news. Bob might as well have been leading man to Katharine Cornell, the way the notice in the home-town paper went, with its glowing account of Bob's performance.

Then Miss Jones' home town, Tulsa, Oklahoma, offered her the rôle of leading lady in a radio stock company. Of course she suggested Bob as the leading man. For fourteen weeks of their radio engagement, Bob scrimped and saved his $25 per—and gathered the courage to propose to Miss Jones, to share his very uncertain future.

So they were married. Miss Jones' parents gifted the bridal pair with a sleek, big, high-powered black convertible Pack-

ard. And they drove in splendor to Hollywood—stopping off, as I've said, in Ogden. The future seemed glorious. Besides their press clippings from the radio stint, they were armed to the teeth with letters. Letters to very important agents in Hollywood —from very important people in New York. How could they possibly miss? Aunt Hortense, whose firm owned heavy stock in RKO, sent a letter—not only of introduction, but asking for a screen test.

"Our letters didn't mean a thing," Bob said. "They were all from relatives. The addressees took them politely enough and said, 'We'll see what we can do.' At RKO we were hastily ushered in—and out. 'That's all, brother!' We never did see our test. And we wondered if actually there had been any film in the cameras. The worst way to try to crash Hollywood is to come as the protegeés of relatives. I guess the studios are run ragged with letters of introduction from their relatives of relatives of relatives!

"Phil and I began auditioning for agents —anyone. Seeing how we were graduate actors of accredited schools, we would audition with heavy stuff. Like Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' Stuff that was too heavy and actually not our type. If we'd picked something like 'Our Town'—or just been ourselves—we might have clicked.

"I landed a job reading scripts at $35 a week for a literary agent. We couldn't get Hollywood to give us a tumble. Finally we sold our car and returned to New York.

This time the Bob Walkers didn't stop off in Ogden. It would have been a bit embarrassing, after those glowing write-ups, predicting movie stardom that had preceded their Hollywood endeavor.

"It may be the vogue to live in Greenwich Village when you're an actor, but not the way we lived," Bob laughed. "We lived in a tenement house and shared the bath. We had the kind of sink that is covered by a drain board and is the major part of the kitchen. It was hot and stuffy in summer, cold in the winter. But as Phil said, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States, had a Village apartment down the street. We had atmosphere! Phil had Tinker, her puppy, and Polly the parrot—and she had a way of making even that little room look homey and inviting. It was a wonderful place to come home to every night. When our resources were very low I got another job reading scripts for another agent at $35 a week.

"Bobby came along. That was three years ago. And Phil decided to quit her career for the time being and have our family all together.

"Being a father gave me a full sense of responsibility. I *had* to make more money. I *had* to get something steady. I attended a weekly audition for unknowns and seemed to go over pretty well. I landed a part on the radio in 'Yesterday's Children' at twenty dollars.

"At Christmas time we'd go to dinner at the home of our rich relatives—and we'd feel very poor and very unimportant," Bob said. "I know my family often must have thought that acting was a poor profession, that I should get into business, something more staple. Instead, I kept getting more and more radio skits—until finally I was doing five shows a day on the air. Including 'March of Time' and 'Aldrich Family.'

"In fact, by the time our second son, Michael, who is now two, was born, we were very comfortable. We had a very nice apartment, and money we might have spent on night clubs we invested on good furniture of our own. We had bought a car again to take the kids to the beach in the summer. It was a little flivver, but it looked almost better to us than our original wedding present, which we had so hated to sell in Hollywood.

"Life was pretty wonderful. Phil and the two babies were well and contented. I had plenty of work. We had a good trusty woman to care for our children. So I was happy when Phil said she wanted to return to her career. I wasn't unmindful of those dreams we'd dreamed together in the beginning. Her interest was the theater, too.

"Selznick signed Phil—and later she was cast for 'Bernadette,' as you know. Then I went to the M-G-M office. The salary they offered didn't awe me. Playing several shows a day in radio was all right. Some of my friends in New York now are making around a couple of thousand a week. But I signed at a comparatively small figure to come to Hollywood with Phil.

"Everything's worked out wonderfully now," Bob said. "After 'Bataan' the studio tore up my original contract and gave me a swell one at good money."

Of course the news flashed to Ogden and the paper. "I felt really good this time to see that the editor could honestly be justified in what he printed about me," Bob said. "Living up to home-town predictions is pretty terrific. They ran my picture with Bob Taylor. Some break!"

The Walkers have been kept so busy at work since their Hollywood advent they have not had time to go to Hollywood parties or night spots with the young movie set. Bob says they are the "home-type."

"Phil and I read scripts to each other. We study every night. Then there's the two little fellows. They had a real thrill the other day. Made their first news break in Louella Parsons' column. They went to a party and were mentioned as the sons of the Bob Walkers.

"Had to send that home to Mother for her scrap book!" Bob said with a grin.

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Lost In Action

Continued from page 30

equally well known. But few knew Leslie Howard himself. Those of us who did knew a "genius." A man gifted in the arts, who was not only a fine actor, but who proved himself a great producer. With George Bernard Shaw, he produced "Pygmalion." At the Hollywood preview Leslie keenly regretted the critics not giving their attention to his efforts on the production, rather than his acting. He worked from early to late on "Intermezzo" as co-producer with David Selznick. There was script to revise, okay. Sets, costumes, director, players, the endless details of production. Leslie was well pleased with this picture, which introduced Ingrid Bergman to this country.

Leslie had a superb poise, which he wore with an amused detached smile. Nothing seemed to upset his scheme of things. Details did not disturb him. His mind was actively curious. He liked to know other people's minds. He liked to develop and originate ideas. He projected himself, his own thoughts into his screen characterizations. "That's really me playing me," he said during a screening of "The Petrified Forest." Leslie was a vital person. For all his gentle, soft-spoken manner, his slight physique, he was energetic, forceful. He did not fight with words—but rather with supreme indifference that usually won his point. To women, Leslie was a dream-hero come true. He understood women, because he had made a study of them. He knew that pretty words, gallantry, masculine attentions were as essential to a woman as love. To his own wife, he played the rôle of lover by his attentiveness. Because his slight appearance made him appear the dreamer, Leslie was wont to be daring. He played a fast game of polo. He once dove into the ocean to save a drowning man when a lifeguard was afraid of the riptide. To know Leslie at all was to know a strong, vital, forceful personality.

During the filming of "Intermezzo" Leslie bought his first home in Hollywood, Hedy Lamarr's charming little house in Beverly Hills. All done in soft creams and crystal, with a large swimming pool taking up the entire length of the back garden. "Isn't it glamorous living in Hedy Lamarr's house?" Leslie would say. "We feel very excited about it, really!" Leslie was an inveterate swimmer. He never missed a morning in the pool. Leslie Ruth, then sixteen, always swam with her father before breakfast. Sometimes I was a third. Mrs. Howard would sit in the patio, and there was much laughing and talking back and forth—until the smell of simmering country sausages announced breakfast was soon to be served. Then a scramble to get dried and dressed and breakfast in the open air. By eight-thirty, Leslie had backed his convertible out the drive and was on his way to the studio.

Leslie loved people. He liked to sit, unobserved, and watch them. Many a time we'd go to lunch and sit at some corner table and pick out the celebrities who came in. The Vendome, on Sunset Boulevard, which has long since closed its doors, was a particular favorite with Leslie. He would bring his miniature Leica camera along and sit snapping pictures of the stars. "Who is that lovely creature?" he asked once. I think of her now. She was Carole Lombard, laughingly breezing by. He was delighted when Wally Beery and his brother, Noah, lumbered over and I introduced them. "You don't mind if I snap your picture?" he asked—then naïvely explained, "I used to say I was snapping these pictures for my daughter, Leslie Ruth, but she's here with us this trip. I guess I must admit my curiosity for seeing the film stars myself."

I first met Leslie Howard in 1936. He was making "The Petrified Forest"—which he had successfully played on the stage—with Bette Davis at Warner Brothers. I remember the unit man took me on a big sound stage that had been converted into a desert. "Mr. Howard is the most difficult man to find," he said. "He is always wandering away. Sometimes we find him in his automobile asleep. Or behind a piece of scenery—just sitting with his pipe, cogitating."

Leslie was within earshot of this conversation, for he stepped right out from behind the scenery and said, with a smile, "An amusing chap, this Howard, I must say."

Leslie remarked that the new girl appearing with him in the picture was "Remarkable! Bette Davis, her name is, and I think she will be one of the great names in this business. It is a relief to work with an actress who knows her lines and how to use them. Bette knows just what she is doing."

Later Leslie returned to England. He was about to realize his fondest hope, of producing and playing "Hamlet" on the stage.

A year later on Broadway, Leslie opened his own production of "Hamlet." The sets were lavish and modernistic. The critics applauded the sets—and panned Leslie's "Hamlet." After a short run, Leslie took his company on a tour of the United States.

"Hamlet" came to Ogden, Utah, my home town, while I was there. I called Leslie and he invited me to dinner and to the play.

"What a time we've had of it!" he said. "Every actor wants to take a crack at 'Hamlet,' you know. But I had never been able to interest a producer to back Mr. Shakespeare's classic for me. When I got back to England last year I found I had enough money to do it on my own. It is the one thing I have always wanted to do. This will not enrich me to say the least, travelling across the country with this heavy scenery and big cast. But it's a great adventure. I'm getting to know America like I never did before. I had to leave Mrs. Howard in Denver with the flu. What a dear she's been. It's been a long, arduous trip for her."

We left the café for the theater which was three doors down the street. There Leslie stopped, appalled. People were lined up by the hundreds in front of the Orpheum Theater waiting for his arrival.

"I can't get through that crowd," he said.

"Don't tell me you've developed stage-fright?" I laughed. Leslie had. Rather than forage through the crowd—we did an about-face and walked to the back entrance of the theater.

After the last act, Leslie, *King Lear*, and I went to an ice-cream parlor for sodas. Leslie never drank, but consumed more malteds than the average college co-ed. He was trying to put on weight. He wore his usual tweed suit and tan sweater in lieu of a vest. Off-stage, Leslie was seldom taken for an actor.

Even then Leslie was aware of the unrest in Europe. "There's bound to be another war—although no one wants to think of it," he said. "Amazingly enough, the last

war made me an actor," he reflected. He related his enlistment when he was 21 in World War I. He had been a bank clerk. His skill at horsemanship won him a commission as lieutenant in a famed cavalry regiment, the "20th Hussars." Leslie saw action with the Canadian troops at Bethune, and being severely wounded, was sent home before the war was over.

"After all of that excitement, crouching behind a grilled wicket in a bank, counting other people's money, seemed very dull," Leslie said.

Leslie had some experience with amateur theatricals at the front. He was intrigued and decided to try his luck on the stage. He had the usual disappointments, but he also had the encouragement of his mother and father and his two brothers and two sisters. In less than two years, he was a stage favorite in London in such plays as "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "Our Mr. Hepplewhite." After "East Is West," he received Broadway offers. For two years he played on Broadway in a succession of hits, during which time he wrote and starred in "Murray Hill." But Leslie's heart was always in England. So home he went.

Before we had finished our soda, Leslie was summoned to the telephone for a long distance call. He was highly amused when he came back. "What do you know," he said grinning delightedly, "that was my wife, Ruth. She called to tell me that she was never so thrilled in her life. It seems Nelson Eddy is stopping at the same hotel. He heard she was ill and sent her a large bouquet of flowers, and stopped to pay his respects. She said he was just as charming as he was in 'Rose Marie.'"

We all laughed. Here was Mrs. Howard, married to one of the screen's greatest lovers, but with typical movie fan interest she had been very excited and thrilled at Nelson Eddy's courtesy. "I must go and see this Nelson Eddy on the screen," Leslie said. "According to my wife he has great charm." Leslie's eyes twinkled.

It was Mrs. Howard who invited me for tea with the two of them one Saturday matinée at the Biltmore in Los Angeles. "Hamlet" was winding up and Leslie was to make a picture. "This is just like a honeymoon," she said. "Leslie and I have taken a little apartment. No servants. I cook our breakfast and our dinner. It is wonderful to be alone." Both Leslie and I teased Mrs. Howard about her telephone call and her meeting with Nelson Eddy.

Time flies in Hollywood. It was several months later that I suddenly received a telephone call from Leslie from the United Artists lot. "I am leaving for England in the morning," he said. "If we're going to have that interview, we'd better make it today." I met him at the studio and we climbed into his convertible and drove over to the Vendome. I suppose that was when I really came to know Leslie Howard. He was in a reminiscent mood.

Leslie talked about his home in England, "Stone-Maries," about 25 miles out of London in the verdant English countryside. Leslie bought it when it was a small house to match his salary. As his income increased, he added rooms and land—until it was a country showplace. "I'll send you a picture of it," he promised. "One of Leslie Ruth and I." He talked about Leslie Ruth, his daughter. How lovely she was. What an inseparable pal she was to him. The Howards had their own stables with riding horses and a magnificent string of polo ponies. The latter Leslie had twice shipped to Hollywood. Leslie's son Ronald is also an excellent polo player.

Polo is a dangerous game, but Leslie disclosed that he would never have a mishap. "I have a good luck charm. It never fails me," he said. Leslie was almost fanatical about this charm, a little gold English coin

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suspended on a heavy gold chain around his neck. "I am never without it. Some people think superstition is foolish. But I am very superstitious, if you call it that, about this good luck charm. It has not only brought me luck for years, but it has actually saved my life." Leslie related that he was about to board a plane, when he felt the chain snap from his neck. He immediately cancelled his trip. The plane crashed less than two hours later. Another time he was driving in a London fog. The chain broke, and he stopped driving. In fact, he sat all night in his car until the fog lifted. When it did, he saw he had driven off the road and was within six feet of going over a cliff.

"Once," he continued, "I lost it on the polo field. I had the field searched for three days until it was found. I've had luck with it. I never go without it."

Intrigued, I voiced the wish for a good luck coin, too.

"I'll send you one like this from England," Leslie offered. But as we left the Vendome, it was still on his mind. "I am so absent-minded," he said, "I think I'd better do it now. I know a little jewelry shop on the way home. We'll stop and get one."

Leslie's little jewelry shop proved to be none other than the swank Brocks in Beverly Hills. Inside he showed the salesman his lucky charm and asked if he had anything similar. Charm bracelets were in vogue and the clerk suggested various little charm emblems. But I had no bracelet on which to fasten one. "Here is just the thing, Mr. Howard," said the salesman. "This tiny gold watch on a chain to wear around the neck. They are distinct novelties. We have only two of them."

Yellow gold—Leslie's favorite. "I'll take that one," he said, picking up a handsome tiny oblong watch on a gold chain. I protested, thinking the watch would cost too much money. Perhaps fifty dollars. Besides I had a wrist-watch. But Leslie insisted in his generous way and wrote out a check for $170, plus tax for the little good luck trinket—that I have religiously worn to this day as a good luck piece.

(I wonder, as do many of Leslie's friends, if Leslie's good luck charm was intact on his neck on that fateful trip from Lisbon)

Leslie standing up on the seat of his open convertible, squinting at house numbers in front of my house, was the next time I saw him. He was quite near-sighted. "Oh, there you are," he said as informally as though it had been yesterday, instead of practically a year since we'd met. He had been to England and back. "I was driving over to N. B. C. for a broadcast rehearsal. Won't you come along? It's nice seeing you again. How have you been?" Then—"I see you're wearing your good luck charm. Has it brought you luck?"

Leslie Ruth had accompanied her parents to Hollywood. They had just purchased the house that Hedy Lamarr owned before her marriage to Gene Markey. "It has the most wonderful pool. You must come over in the mornings and have a swim," Leslie invited. Leslie was like that. Informal, gentle, generous, without affectation, importance, or pretense. He lived simply, worked endlessly. Few knew that he composed music. That he wrote musical scores for his pictures. That he sat up half the night working. Often Mrs. Howard said he would rise at dawn—and go for long drives up the coast—some melody humming in his head—some plot, some new twist for a characterization, a play, a scene, besetting him He seldom went to parties. But he enjoyed the friendship of his fellow country men in the film colony. Norma Shearer, the Ronald Colmans. The Bill Gargans, his closest friends, named their eldest child in honor of Leslie.

His little English-French secretary adored the ground he walked on. Knew him as the genius he was. At the studio, they worked on the film, "Intermezzo." On the production of future pictures. It was a great shock when a few months ago in London, she was stricken with a strep throat and died within twenty-four hours. He had grown to depend on her efficient helpfulness. Her complete absorption in his work.

The last time we lunched together we were discussing whether actors and actresses who portray so many emotions are emotionally unstaple. "I don't think so," Leslie had said. "My wife's part of me. I fell in love with her when I came out of the war. She had been a nurse. We married within six days. I have never stopped loving her. Ruth is a remarkable woman. A pillar of strength and unity in our home. Our two children are our common bond, that strengthens our love—and our mutual interests in life. Everything I do I do for her and the children. For myself, money doesn't mean much. Some times I would like to quit, you know, and take a fling at writing, travel about the world for a year or two, but I have set my family up to a certain high standard of living. I wouldn't want them to sacrifice because of some whim of mine.

"Men are attracted by beautiful women, no doubt. If they are honest, they admit that." Leslie said. "But that doesn't mean that they necessarily fall in love. Too many people call some physical whim, some sudden emotion, love. When it is not love at all. As for actors and actresses, they are playing a rôle—all for effect. It isn't a sustained emotion."

Leslie then paid tribute to the beauty of Merle Oberon, who he said was the most attractive girl on the screen, in his opinion.

Leslie confided his vast production plans after the war. His own organization in the Denham studios in England was now perfected. He had several pictures in readiness. But first would come his films for the English government. War motion pictures.

I was making twice monthly trips between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. To my agreeable surprise, Leslie Howard was a fellow-passenger one morning—en route East. It was winter time and there had been two serious plane accidents on the line. "Are you afraid?" I asked, as several passengers were expressing concern.

"No," Leslie smiled with a shrug of his shoulders. "I'm sort of a fatalist, you know. When the time comes it will come. Death—it should be an interesting adventure."

We were flying over the high Nevada terrain, endless mountain peaks. Certainly no landing place. Over the same terrain where Carole Lombard's plane was to crash.

"I sometimes wonder what I would do if we crashed," Leslie mused. "I suppose it would be so sudden, we wouldn't have time to think about it."

I stopped at Salt Lake airport. Leslie flew on.

Letters from England brought the news of his activities with the British War Ministry. That his beloved home, "Stone-Maries," had been opened for a children's shelter in the English countryside under Mrs. Howard's capable supervision. That his son Ronald was married during a furlough from his post aboard a British minesweeper. Then Leslie Ruth's marriage. Trans-Atlantic cables brought the news of Leslie's automobile injury in a London blackout. Then his jaunt to Canada with Laurence Olivier for "The Invaders." His promise that soon he would be in Hollywood. Perhaps this August for a lecture tour in America. . . And now—Leslie Howard's Missing—In Action! For his country and all he believed to be right!

Glamor Guy

Continued from page 32

what they are in reality; fascination."

There was one girl elevator operator who may have got in his hair on a recent visit because she persisted in requesting his floor number every time he boarded her car—"as though she didn't know it," reports Milland. Possibly the thought she was just naturally dissident never entered his mind. The realist in Ray prevailed when his reactions indicated he would show her and all the other girl operators that some actors can do more than act and wear smart clothes; that he could fly her little crate blind. So he added respect to admiration when he took over the controls and put the conveyance into a fast climb, levelling off within an inch at the stratospheric thirty-seventh floor.

The girl operators did not know, and very few other persons do for that matter, that Ray's left hand is virtually useless. Doctors wanted to amputate it when a jig-saw he was operating in the basement of his Beverly Hills home slipped and cut the tendons. He did not even tip off his studio about the accident which was caused by his interest in mechanics, a hobby from which he learned many things that make operating elevators adolescent stuff to Ray.

If the elevator operator had been a steeplechase jockey Milland could have taken over the reins almost as easily as he did the controls. At 170 pounds, he is only five pounds heavier today than he was in 1933. Then he nearly lost his life in England on the back of a mount which tumbled and in so doing not only upset Milland but eleven other horses and jockeys following him over the same hurdle. That time Milland survived with muscles badly torn from knee up the thigh of one leg. But there is no limp suggested in his walk now.

Milland likes to talk about that race. If he hadn't been injured he might not currently be a big name in theater marquees. Up to then he had made one serious pass at a movie career. Hollywood sent for him and, when he arrived with luggage, brushed him off until he returned to England in disgust and in need of a job. And the first job that turned up was for a professional jockey.

"My father had a brother who bred horses," Milland recounts. "He was what is known in England as a gentleman farmer. He liked to ride and hunt. As a lad I used to spend three months of each year on his place.

"I discovered I could make my living, such as it was, as a jockey. I rode for three months. During that time I won seven of the forty races in which I was entered. As you know, a jockey is just as good as his horse and when he is earning his living riding he has to take any horse he can get.

"My last race at Hurst Park was over frozen ground. It was a three-miler. I was leading to the last jump. The horse was cold. I gave him every hook I had. I knew he was at the end of his strength. He went over on his side. Of the thirteen riders in the race only one finished. The other eleven horses and men hit me. I was in bed for three months. I was the only male boarder in a boarding house where fourteen old ladies lived. Those fourteen old ladies took care of me."

It was while he was recuperating that Milland concluded show business was his field. He decided that as soon as he could stand on his feet he would grab some other job and wait until savings complied with ocean fare and train ticket back to Hollywood. This time he meant to tackle filmtown in his own way and not be dependent on the whims of any one movie company.

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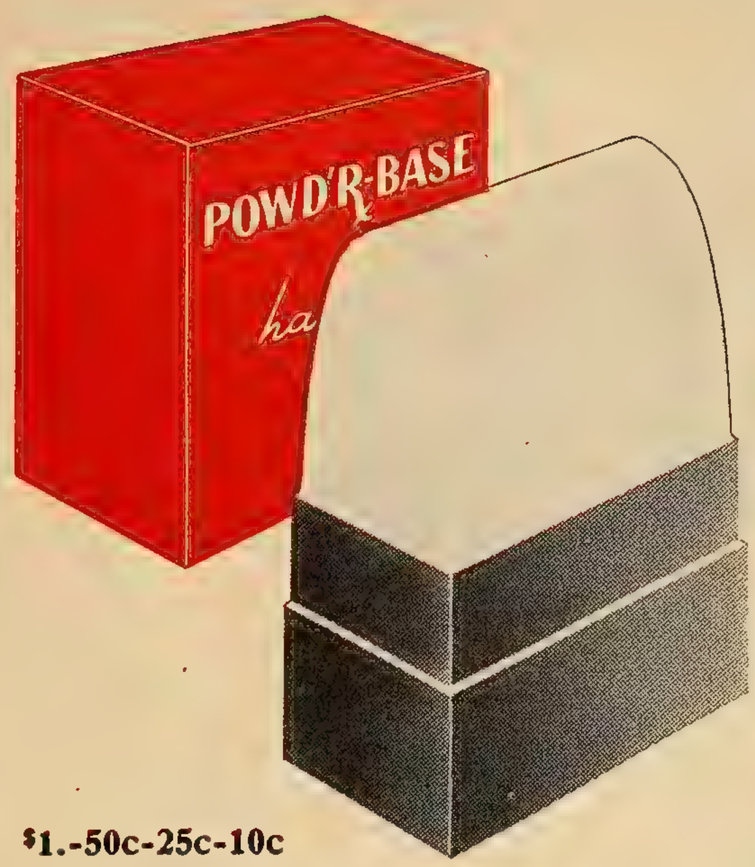

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Ray had no idea when an English producer of an advertising film asked him to wear a fur sarong that not so much time would pass before he would be in a series of Hollywood jungle pictures playing opposite the screen's original sarong girl. The fur sarong was just incidental to tracing garb men wore through the dark ages to enlightened times when some of them were wearing the brand this commercial picture was advertising.

"For this work," reports Ray, "I received seventy pounds. When I paid my debts I had just enough to take me to New York but no farther. Just about the time I was ready to sail I got another part in a picture which paid me one hundred pounds. As soon as I finished that part I bought a ticket to the United States. In the middle of the Atlantic I received a message informing me that there was another part awaiting me back in England. I replied I would return if the producer would defray my traveling expenses. I was told to take the next ship back. So, when I arrived in New York one afternoon in 1934 at four o'clock, I had exactly one hour to leave the ship, walk down to another pier and board another ship which was leaving for England at five o'clock."

The pushing-around Milland took in Hollywood before he got into the groove of big hotel suites and mass attention is too well known to call for any embroidery here. Until that happened, however, he was just another good looking guy.

Coming to town this last time, Milland left in Hollywood completed and ready to be shown, when Paramount decides to release them this winter, two of his most important works, "The Uninvited" and "Lady in the Dark." He is particularly enthusiastic about "Lady" which he thinks may win the Academy award and in which he makes his début as a singer. Passing judgment on his own warbling, he invariably says softly, "Oh, brother! Does that stink!"

The one really sour note while Ray was in New York was sounded not by himself but by an elderly newspaperman who has long figured that the Veronica Lakes, Paulette Goddards, *et al,* must have their male counterparts. This writer picked on Milland as an excellent subject for such analysis and comparison.

Ray, who is fairly articulate under most circumstances, actually sputtered when the reporter asked him bluntly, "Say, what do you fellows do to be so glamorous?"

Bouncing from his chair as though it had suddenly become charged with electricity, he snapped, "What! What!! I wouldn't know what the h—— you are talking about."

Private Life Of A Softy

Continued from page 35

formed into a playroom. Bill was showing me the bar. "To show you how loyal I am to Paramount," he said, "the top of this bar came from the studio. I couldn't find a bar top anywhere, so I went to the prop department and bought one." Then he showed me another of his prize possessions—four colorful beer mugs. "Alan and Sue Ladd gave us those," he said.

We went out into the backyard, where Bill took me to see his Victory garden.

"It's not big, but the stuff is growing," Bill said. There were beets, cabbage, radishes, green beans, celery, and tomatoes.

When we went back inside, Tess began to tell me about Bill's cooking. "He can fix up a very good dinner any time. His roasts are something—but he really shines with his biscuits."

Bill beamed and added, "Sure I like to fuss about in the kitchen, and I *am* a good cook. But don't talk to me about doing the dishes and the dirty work. When that time rolls around, I just disappear. Why, I used to fight against doing dishes when I was a kid, but even then I was cooking for my mother and father. You see, they worked, so I helped out. That's how I learned."

"I'll usually find him out watering his garden," Tess said, "when dish-washing time rolls around. But you should see him when he takes care of that garden. He puts the hose down, turns on the water, lets it run, and then stands, looking very preoccupied, and watches. If he's not in his garden, you'll find him over at Alan's. Whenever Alan gets home, all he has to do is to crook his finger from across the street, and Bill is gone."

Bill was sitting in a big wing-back chair during the conversation. Near him on a table was a frilly lamp.

"Some lamp, don't you think?" he asked, pride oozing from him. "I picked it out."

"You should have seen him shopping for it," Tess added. "He wanted a lamp with a lot of ruffles on it—and he got it."

This, then, is one picture of a tough mug. Bill Bendix the killer! Bill Bendix the concocter of terrific biscuits and the guy who likes ruffles on lamps. Bill Bendix the softy!

"I like this house," Bill continued, "because it's a place where you can be yourself. I don't go for these places that are all fussed up with what they call antiques or French period pieces. I want a place that looks as though it had been lived in." Then he became serious. "This house means a lot to Tess and me—and to Lorraine, our daughter. We've had a long, tough row to get it. And it's been born out of a lot of talks we've had and a lot of plans we hopefully made for years. We've been married over fifteen years and it's our first home. You can't help being proud of a place when you've worked so hard and so long to get it. It seems like a mansion to me compared to the three-room apartments we had in New York."

We got to talking about the sofa that faces the imposing fireplace in the living room. It wasn't covered with silk or satin or anything like that. It reminded you of a couch you might have in your own home and yet not even call it your "very special furniture." But this couch occasioned the one big argument Tess and Bill had.

"When Bill saw that sofa," Tess said, "he about had a fit. He looked at it from all angles, saying continually, 'You've been cheated! It won't even hold together. Look!' Then he'd get behind and push. 'See how it gives!' he exclaimed. 'This is going to fall to pieces. Now, you get the men from the store down here and make them take it back.' Once in a while, Bill has to get something off his chest, so I just let him talk—even though I thought he was wrong and said so. He seldom loses his temper, but he did that day. Well, I got the men from the store. I was telling them how dissatisfied Bill was with the sofa. They told me that it had to have a certain 'give' to it in the back—that it was built that way. I was getting very insistent, though, and was ready to have them take it back. Just then Bill came in. He went over to the men and said, 'Sit down, sit down. Why haven't you offered them some refreshments, Tess?' He then listened to them as they explained why the sofa was built as it was. Without batting an eye, mind you, he turned to me and said, 'You see, Tess, I

told you the couch was okay. So all of your fussing was about nothing!'"

"Don't go giving the idea that I'm the boss around here," Bill said. "You. Lorraine, and I are each supposed to have a third of the authority in this house, but I give Lorraine my third and you still keep yours. So where does that leave me?" He turned to me. "The real boss in our home is Lorraine. For a thirteen-year-old girl, she wields plenty of authority. But I pin her ears back once in a while."

"Bill is very much the stern father when Lorraine gets home from school," Tess put in, "but that doesn't last long. He spends most of his time rough-housing with her. The two of them turn the house into a bedlam."

"I treat her like I would a son," Bill said. "And we get along okay."

Both Bill and Tess are very proud of Lorraine's new interest in the piano. They say that she inherits her musical talents from Bill's father, who was quite a musician. Lorraine also is a source of amusement to them, especially as regards her opinion of pictures. She thinks Bill is a ham in some of them, but she sees all of his films. She saw "Wake Island" nine times and she saw "China" four times. She has only one serious disagreement with her parents, though, and that's about the matter of going out.

"She thinks she's grown up," Bill said, "and she can't see why I won't let her go out at night. I tell her to have the boys here at the house. She thinks I'm strict."

Lorraine came in while I was there. She walked over to Bill, rubbed his head, and he practically went to sleep. Drowsily, he remarked, "Whenever she wants something, I always get my head rubbed." Abruptly he went back to the original subject of who's boss. "You should see how easily I give in. Why when Lorraine and I have an argument, for instance, I never win. She always comes out on top. And all Tess has to do to get me to do something is to ask me and I do it. She has a way of shaming me into doing things."

"Remind me to try that on you when I want help with the dishes," Tess added.

"This wife and daughter of mine," Bill continued, "have the darndest way of making me think I'm all right and at the same time implying that I never do anything right."

Tess, for her part, claimed that she always comes running whenever Bill wants anything. She cites Sunday morning breakfasts as an example.

"Bill likes a big Sunday breakfast," Tess said, "fried potatoes and all. And when he wants to eat, you move! I remember last Sunday particularly. We had had friends over the night before, and I hadn't straightened up the house. I'm a funny person—I can't think of doing anything until every piece of furniture is in its right place and such things as doilies are straightened out. Well, last Sunday, Bill came downstairs and yelled, 'I'm hungry! Let's eat!' I said I'd get things ready right away. But I decided to stop first and straighten a chair and smooth out a few doilies. He was prancing back and forth and finally he called out loudly, 'There you are fussing with doilies and I'm starving to death!' Frankly, the only time Bill is at all difficult is when he wants to yell at somebody—and even then his bark is synthetic. He's really a very mild even-tempered fellow.

Bill blushed at that—oh yes, he blushes—and told me what a good cook Tess is. "You know, for a while we had a cook. And no kidding, we hadn't had her two weeks until I was sick! I was so used to Tess' cooking that I couldn't eat anything this woman fixed. You should see how she could ruin a prime rib. I like my food plain. Give me a good piece of prime rib or a

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steak—one weighing about a pound and a half and nice and thick—potatoes, a slab of pie, and coffee, and I'm happy. Of course, I'm speaking of the pre-point days."

The romance of Tess and Bill is one that seems to have come right out of a story book. They are the only married couple in Hollywood who were childhood sweethearts.

Bill and Tess are the same age—37. He was born in January and she in October, so he draws an edge of a few months. He met her first when she was three weeks old. Their families had always been close friends. "Of course, I was a little young myself to remember what I thought of Tess the first time I saw her," Bill said.

Tess and Bill, like all kids, fought all of the time when they were youngsters. He pulled her braids and thoroughly convinced her that he was an annoying brat.

"The one thing I remember about Bill as a boy was that he was always dressed in white," Tess said. "As a friend of ours once remarked, he looked like a perpetual Communion suit. Almost every Sunday, he and his mother and father would come to Jersey to visit my folks and me. On the way over, Bill would climb over fences and up lamp posts, so that by the time he arrived his suit was in tatters and dirty."

"But I was pretty," Bill laughed. "I was a lovely kid in a revolting sense of the word."

When they were twelve, all was sweetness and light. The new interest in each other came about because Bill suddenly decided he'd be an actor. He fascinated Tess with his Charlie Chaplin imitations and with his athletic prowess. And when he became a choir boy and even sang in the Knights of Columbus shows, he was just too wonderful. By the time he and Tess had reached the ripe old age of seventeen, romance had really blossomed. And football did it! The minute Bill began to play football, Tess forgot all about her other beaus. He became the superior male, unchallenged by anyone.

"Every Sunday," Tess went on, "my family and Bill's would ride in our seven-passenger Nash out to see Bill play football, rain or shine. He would never wear a helmet—that was the ham in him. And he was always getting hurt. The strangest part of it all was that he'd always manage to get hurt right on the 50-yard line—never near the end zones. More of his ham. I would get very frightened and when he saw how sympathetic I was, he'd miraculously get up and go on playing. Oh, I thought he was wonderful!" Tess smiled and added, "Incidentally, he is still the biggest baby—always wanting sympathy."

Shortly after the heroic days of football, Bill and Tess broke up. The break came when he up and left a good job to go to work in a lumber camp in Connecticut.

"Bill was always leaving good jobs," Tess said. "I came from a family who were established. My Dad held the same job for 35 years. And I couldn't see why Bill had to be so flighty. Well, he stayed at the job only three weeks and then he came back."

When they were twenty-two, they decided to elope.

"I never proposed to her," Bill said. "We'd been engaged so we just decided to get married. We happened to tie the knot at the height of the depression. Tess' folks wanted to give her a church wedding, but we didn't want them to spend the money, so we eloped. And then it all began."

For a while, Bill held a good job as a manager of a grocery store. But the grocery business suddenly went pfft. He then tried his hand as a singing waiter and finally did some "master-of-ceremoning" at various night clubs. Then came the time when there were no more jobs—and no money. Bill and Tess entered the bleak period—with no holds barred.

Typical of this period was the day when Tess went down to the Goodwill and paid a quarter for a dress. She never told Bill where she got it until later.

"I don't mind telling these things about us," Tess said, "because we've lived an honest life and we're not ashamed of our past. I remember the day so well when I knew we would have to apply for relief. I wouldn't let Bill go down to the relief station and stand in line. You see, we were living in my home town and I didn't want him to have the humiliation of having my friends see my husband standing in line for relief. So I went down and applied. We did try to keep from accepting any of the charity grocery baskets the relief headquarters gave out. Bill always fought against this. But we had Lorraine then, and so one day I came home with a basket of groceries. When Bill saw me come in with the food, he didn't say a word. He just had tears in his eyes. I'll never, never forget him as he looked at that moment.

"The strangest part of all this bad period in our lives, though, was that we never lost hope. Bill would get down, but he'd never lose his confidence. He and I both knew that some day, somehow, we'd get to Hollywood and he would be a success."

Strangely enough, going on relief brought about a break. It enabled Bill to apply for work on the Federal Theater Project. His performance in a Federal production of "It Can't Happen Here" attracted the attention of Cheryl Crawford, New York producer, who cast him in her show, "Four Cents A Word." But the play never opened. After this, Bill did six plays. All flopped. Then came a period of summer stock during which time Bill's stature as an actor grew.

In November of that year, Bill read for the part of *Krupp*, the policeman, in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life." He won out over 50 contestants. Tess went with him when the show was on tour. Lorraine stayed with Bill's parents and then with Tess' mother and father. After Bill finished the run of the show and had done another season of stock and some radio, Tess began to look ahead. If Bill was to be in the position to accept only the play that would do him good—if he could turn down parts that would not have carried on the advantage given him in "Time Of Your Life"—then she would have to help. To take care of that day in the future and to help tide them over, she applied for a job in a factory, without Bill's knowing it. Bill was furious for a long time. He kept saying, "Here I am doing nothing, and my wife is working." It especially annoyed him that she had to get up at five to be at work by seven. Her salary of $22 a week—$27 at times when she worked overtime—kept them going.

Not long after Tess started work, M-G-M called Bill and asked him to come to Hollywood to play in "Woman of the Year." The studio had caught his performance in "Time Of Your Life" and had been impressed by him. He went to Hollywood alone, thinking he would only stay about three weeks. Later, Roach offered him a three-picture deal. Then he sent for Tess, telling her she needed a rest.

"I wanted to sign with M-G-M," Bill said, "so when I got the offer from Roach, I went to a casting head at M-G-M and told him what had been offered me, hoping he would say, 'No, we want you here.' Instead, he said it was a great chance and I should take Roach's offer. I did."

While he was at Roach's, Paramount asked him to test for the rôle of the mug in "The Glass Key." After that, he was put into "Wake Island"—then the contract. Bill Bendix was in. The long pull was over!

While You're Away

Continued from page 53

wire netting so no dainty claw would touch the ground she decided her chickens should be ensconced in just such a sanitary domicile.

Everything would have been perfect—if it weren't for the chickens!

"After a few days I wouldn't go near them," Annabella confessed ruefully. "They began scolding and giving me dirty looks every time they saw me. At first I kept telling myself that they would get used to it, that they were much better off in their nice, big clean house. But then I realized if I were a chicken I'd hate it too, that I'd like to have my feet on the ground and dig for worms and catch lovely little appetizing flies. The gardener was pretty disgusted with me when I had them put back in their run after all the work of assembling the thing but I'd rather have the chickens' respect than the gardener's."

Even before gardeners disappeared from the Hollywood landscape Annabella liked to work in her garden. Not puttering around with an unsullied trowel in immaculately gloved hands or picking the flowers someone else's effort had forced into exotic bloom, but getting right down on her knees and digging. Not for her are dainty garden costumes or faultlessly tailored slacks. She goes in for sturdy pinafores and overalls, the ordinary denim variety that can take a lot of punishment.

"Last year Tyrone and I spent practically all our free time in the garden," she said. "It was just after our gardener had gone and we didn't know much about it. We planted everything at once and everything came up at the same time. First we ate nothing but peas, then beans and squash. By the time our corn ripened and we were even eating it for breakfast we'd learned our first lesson in practical gardening. This year the vegetable garden was planted by degrees so there is a constant supply of everything."

Now that Tyrone is away she's glad of that interest in her Victory garden. She knows she is helping the war effort and at the same time helping herself by crowding hours that could be lonely and purposeless with an interest so compelling it doesn't give her time for self-pity.

"You can't feel sad in a garden," she went on. "There's too much to be done, too much to distract you. Especially when there are four dogs following you wherever you go and you have to call them back from a newly planted patch or stop and play with them for a while because they've been used to having Ty rough it up with them. And it helps having things go on just the way they did when he was here. It seems to bring the time when he will be back again so much nearer."

Annabella doesn't go in for high-sounding phrases and hearts and flowers when she talks about Ty. She's not a girl to wear her heart on her sleeve. Her love for him is expressed in the very simplicity of her words, in the sort of things she remembers, the small unimportant things, the fun they had together.

There was that day one winter when the sun was so warm that thoughts of picnics and swimming become almost intolerable and so they rushed the season by getting into swim suits and going down to the pool. Only it wasn't enough for Annabella and Ty to go swimming themselves. One of them had an idea and the other improved on it and they got the ducks out of their quarters and brought them up to the pool so they could make believe it was summer too as they paddled around in the water.

There was that other day Ty wanted another dog and instead of buying a highly pedigreed pet who would be sure of a home anyway went down to the pound and came back with a dog who showed the effects of a hazardous past.

There is her quiet pride too when she tells of the high honors Ty won at Boot Camp and how popular he is with his fellow Marines and how when he was at the San Diego Base he used to come home for weekend leaves with his station wagon crowded with as many men as could get in it.

It wasn't until Ty left for Officer's Training School at Quantico that the Power house in Brentwood threatened to be a lonely liability.

"The days were good," Annabella explained. "There was always enough to do to make them pass quickly. And even the evenings weren't too bad when I stayed home and read or rested. But the times I went out and then had to come home alone to an empty house were awful. That was the sort of loneliness I couldn't stand, having no one to talk about the evenings with or laugh over something that had struck us both funny.

"Then when Ann Hardenburgh, Ty's sister, came to live with me after her husband went into service, I realized how silly it is to stay lonely, how much better it is for a woman alone to get together with another wife whose husband is away, too. Ann and I have our own interests and for the most part we go our own way, but it's wonderful for both of us to know there's always someone there to talk to when the doldrums threaten.

"Going back to Hollywood after my visit with Ty at Quantico would have been a miserable experience if Ann hadn't been there. I even found that I cut my visit shorter without any qualms since I had to be home when her baby came. It's wonderful how it helps your morale, being needed by someone.

"Getting ready for that baby was an excitement I wouldn't have missed for anything. I looked the car over every day to be sure nothing was wrong in case of an emergency that night and I made Ann promise to try to behave and not have it in the car on the way to the hospital.

"And it was so much fun preparing things! Ty's room was the only one that fitted in just right as the nursery and all the time I was in Quantico I kept trying to get my courage up to the point where I could tell him that when he came home his room would be all pink and blue. But I couldn't. His personality just doesn't go with pink and blue." Her laughter came then. "I just can't wait to see Ty's face when he comes home and finds all that pint-sized furniture in his study and sees all those little blue things spilling out of his bureau drawers. He'll think it's a gag until he has to start hauling all of his own things out of the little house in the garden where we've stored it."

That laughter, that gay conviction in her voice was the biggest proof of all that Annabella has won her own private war. For it's that way she has of looking forward to the day Ty comes home again and refusing to focus any of her thoughts on the day he left that has given the waiting months a fulfillment and happiness they couldn't have had otherwise. Annabella has streamlined her life but there's nothing streamlined or modern about her philosophy. It's the sort that has sprung from the hearts of all women of courage who have waited through wars since the world began.

Debutante... 1943 style... she stays sweeter with NEET

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NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is *answering the call to arms*... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need *more than ever* the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

New Neet Cream Deodorant quickly stops perspiration and underarm odor from one to three days. This fluffy, stainless, greaseless cosmetic type of cream applies easily and vanishes almost instantly. Makes arms dry and odor-free. Will not irritate normal skin or injure clothing.

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Stunning 21-card SUPREME Christmas Box, $1—other sensational fast-sellers pay YOU up to 100% profit. Gift Wraps—NEW STATIONERY. Write TODAY for Samples on Approval.

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25 for $1 WITH NAME

CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 874, Cincinnati, Ohio

Now I don't dread "That Time" of the Month

Periodic functional pains don't worry me now. Thanks to those grand *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills! My druggist tells me the reason they're so effective is because of a special ingredient which is intended to help relieve the tension that causes functional distress. It works by helping to relax the affected part—not merely by deadening pain. The *new* Chi-Ches-Ters contain an added iron factor, too, intended to act as a tonic on your blood. Try the *new* Chi-Ches-Ters Pills on your "difficult days." Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50c size and follow directions on the package.

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For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Reduce FAT!

NO EXERCISE
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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

THOUSANDS LOSE 3 to 5 LBS. A WEEK, YET EAT PLENTY!

Simply take a half teaspoonful of **KELP-I-DINE** with any meal, (preferably at breakfast) **EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT** fatty, starchy foods, merely **CUT DOWN** on them.

That's all there is to it!

USERS SAY
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BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.
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Kay Kyser doesn't seem to be getting anywhere with heroine Marilyn Maxwell in this scene from Metro's new musical, "Right About Face," but he wins the lady eventually.

Roddy MacDowall's American Diary

Continued from Last Month

Monday, March 29: Up early. Very early! Drove to the Shortridge High School and spoke to around 4000 children. Back to the hotel and was given a really great honor. I was chosen to open up the bond-selling program for the building of the new Vincennes, the ship that was sunk in the Battle of the Solomons last year.

Went to the dime store to get some charms for Vee for her bracelet. No soap.

That afternoon, I went over to the Indiana State Capital and met Governor Henry F. Schricker, Jr. He is a very nice man. He showed me his plaques and then I sat in his chair and was Governor for a while. He gave me a book of his speeches and signed it. From four to five, I was interviewed by 25 children from different papers of the schools. I made an appearance at the Indiana Theater that night. Much to my surprise, I was presented with a model of the Vincennes for the speech I made this afternoon.

The waiter came in tonight and brought Mummy and me some orange juice before we went to bed. Mummy told me to close the door to my room. We had separate rooms. The door got stuck and we couldn't open it. Mummy was so excited. We finally had to get a carpenter to open it for us. Something always happens to us—I'm glad to say!

Tuesday, March 30: Went up to the top of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument and looked all around. Then to the Auditorium and the War Memorial. It is the most beautiful building I have ever seen—the Auditorium. There is so much beauty in America. Nellie and I then went to the John Herron Art Institute and saw more fine paintings. Did a broadcast afterwards on the Navy floor in the Post Office.

Went to Cincinnati next. Had more school on the train. We were taken to the Netherlands Plaza Hotel and had the nicest suite, a kitchen, two bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a tremendous living room. It's terrific. Radios in every room too. I felt so swank. Did a broadcast at WCKY.

Wednesday, March 31: Up at 6:30. This morning I talked to the students of the Western Hills High School. My speeches are getting longer all of the time. Then I had a second breakfast with the Navy Mothers. And another broadcast over WKRC. I made a speech too, to recruit WAVES. American girls are so pretty! Did another broadcast for Ruth Lyons' "Petticoat Party Line" over WLW. This is a wonderful show. There were 300 women in the audience. After lunch, I talked to students of the St. Xavier's High School. Then I had a press interview with 30 children from the high schools. Appeared for the first time at the Palace Theater. The big thrill was having dinner at the hotel with none other than Mr. Gregor Ziemer, who wrote "Education for Death." Made a second appearance at the Palace at 9:30. The Mayor of Cincinnati introduced me.

We were packing—Mummy and I—around midnight when there was a knock at the door. Mummy thought it was the bell boy, so she said, "Come in." We turned around and saw a very strange looking man. He said he was in the Polish Army and that he wanted us to help him get back in. Mummy told him it was late and not the time to discuss such things. Then she told him to go, please. He said he had written a story too. By now, he was closer to us. Mummy got scared and said, "Please, will you go!" He said he would but he had a very funny look in his eyes. Mummy said, "Now!" And he went. A detective finally caught the man. He wasn't quite right in the head, poor fellow.

Thursday, April 1: Got on the train so early to go to Pittsburgh that I've forgotten the exact time. Went to bed and slept till three. Saw a lot of factories. Got into Pittsburgh at six-thirty. Made a speech for the new War Bond Rally.

Friday, April 2: Did a broadcast at nine. Another interview. And talked again to another school. I went to the Children's Hospital and talked to the crippled children. They are taken care of so well. One little boy told me how much he appreciated

my coming to see them. I told him I wanted to thank him for the privilege of being able to visit them. Later, approximately 300 children interviewed me. They sure kept me busy with their questions. Then a broadcast. Back to the hotel and packed after the appearance at the Fulton Theater. On the way to the train, I appeared at the Variety Club Canteen.

Saturday, April 3: Reached Chicago at eight. A quiet trip. Nothing much to report. Have left Chicago for Salt Lake.

Sunday, April 4: Mummy and I are lazy today. We didn't get up until eleven. We arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, at 11:50. Mummy admired a plate in the hotel and the manager gave it to her. She was rather embarrassed. Bought some charms for Vee. Left by train.

Monday, April 5: Train tried to make scrambled eggs out of us the way it banged back and forth. Mummy and I thought they were trying to train commandos. Got in Salt Lake City at 5:30 A.M. Waited three-quarters of an hour for the taxi. Went to our rooms and slept until nine. Then an interview with the press and had lunch with the members of the British War Relief Society. Mayor Al Jenkins was there. He used to drive a racing car. I spoke after the luncheon. Mummy, Nellie, and I then drove in the Fire Chief's car to the Fire Station. I got into a huge fire engine. Something else I've always wanted to do. Did a broadcast at KLO. Back to the hotel and school for two hours. Appeared for the British War Relief again.

Tuesday, April 6: Left for the Indian Reservation at 8 A. M. It was a 160-mile trip. Had lunch at the Reservation. I was dressed in headdress, moccasins, legs, and waistcoat. The Indians gave me the outfit and a bow and arrow. They did the Bear and Circle dances for me. Chief Andrew Frank made me Chief Little White Owl. The Governor, who was there, too, is White Feather. Then the Chief and I rode in a parade with other Indians. Afterwards, I visited the Indian children in their school.

Wednesday, April 7: Presented Mayor Al Jenkins with a plaque from the British Children. This is now at the City Hall, racing car. Then I went to meet President Heber J. Grant of the Mormon Church. He said he was 86 and 1/3 years old. We were only supposed to be there for five minutes because he isn't very well, but we were there over an hour. He wouldn't let us go. He even followed us to our car. He is so very sweet. After that, we went to the Mormon Tabernacle. Alexander Schreiner, the organist, showed us the different keys. The organ is terrific! Did a broadcast over KSL. At the première that night Governor Maw of Utah introduced me on the stage. The most wonderful part of the evening was a telegram from Daddy who is in Canada.

Thursday, April 8: Went through the State Capitol today. This was the most important happening of a full day. Saw the Governor's reception room. The room is done in 20-karat gold. Even the chairs are trimmed in gold. Went out to the Great Salt Lake and was nearly blown off the Black Rock—it was so windy. Left at 7:20 for Chicago.

Saturday, April 10: Friday uneventful. Arrived in Chicago today. The Junior Victory Army made me an Honorary Colonel. Had lunch at the University Club and made a speech for War Bonds. Sat next to the man who makes O'Henry bars. He sent me a whole box. What a break! I appeared at the Chicago Theater. Then went to the Sherman Hotel and opened the 2nd War Loan Drive. I sold $3,500,000 worth of bonds today. I am so excited! We were disappointed to learn that we missed seeing our old friend, David MacDonald, who

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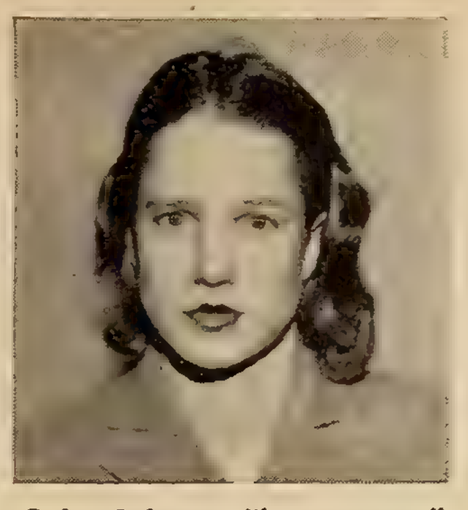
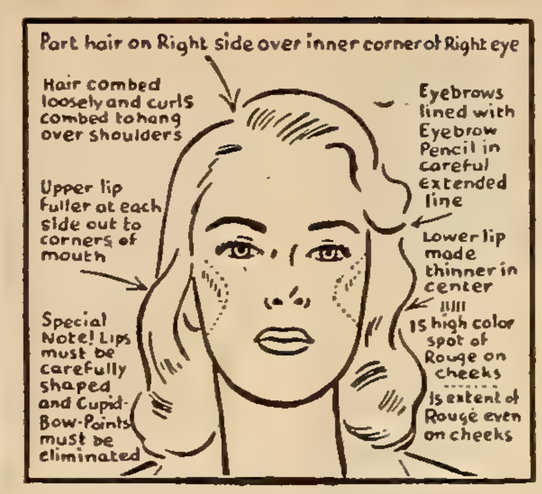


Laine Solg was "just average." Thought herself born shy—that beauty was beyond her reach. Before Powers Training she was SELF-CONSCIOUS.



Her beauty highlights are revealed in the PHOTO-REVISE drawn for her. This is one of the 60 personal "just for you" Powers Home Course features.

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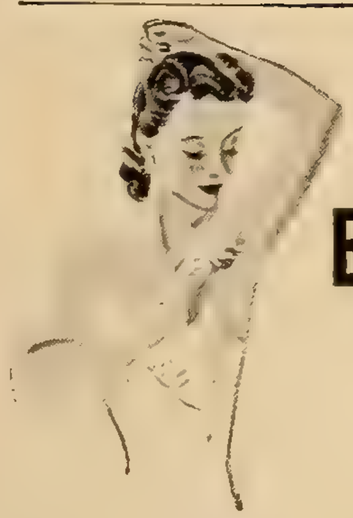

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How to Control Them—Be Truly Fastidious and Save Clothes, too!

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Don't waste time with disappointing half-measures. Start using Liquid Odorono. It's the *surest way* to control perspiration, perspiration odor, staining and clothes damage. Thousands of fastidious women think it's the nicest way, too . . . it leaves no trace of grease on your skin or your clothes, has no "product odor" itself. You will find Liquid Odorono at any cosmetic counter in two strengths—Regular and Instant.

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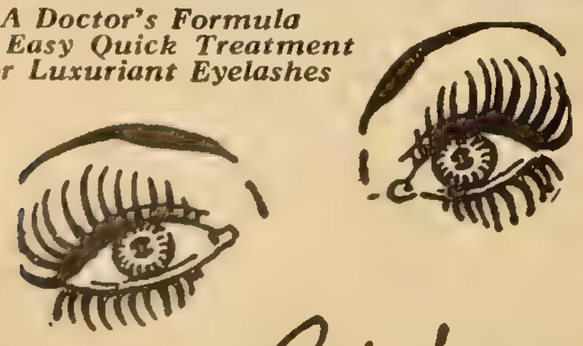

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AVALON LANE CO., Dept. SS-10
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Maria Montez and Jon Hall in a love scene from their new Universal Technicolor picture, "Cobra Woman," in which Maria plays a dual rôle, that of twin sisters.

made "This England" in which I appeared in London and who also made the wonderful "Desert Victory." He left last night.

Sunday, April 11: Went to the Culver Military Academy. I saw Constance Bennett's son Peter Bennett Plant. I used to ride with him. I was given his room mate's uniform and I put it on in Peter's room. Then I rode with the famous Black Horse Troop. I felt so humble because I was with so many fine horsemen and I had never ridden anything but western saddle. Had to leave at two but I hated to go. I did a broadcast for the WACS, WAVES, SPARS, sailors and soldiers on WBBM in the Wrigley Building. Hit the hay! What a day. I am too tired even to read.

Monday, April 12: To the Spalding School for Crippled Children. These children amaze me. They are so contented even with their tragedy. Did another broadcast.

Tuesday, April 13: Left for Milwaukee at 9:20. Met by the boys of the St. John's Military Academy. The students at the Bay View High School were told that I would come out to entertain them if they would sell $35,000 worth of bonds in four days. They sold $31,000 in two days. I talked to them for 45 minutes. Then I went to an orphanage. These little children bought over $70 in bonds. There was a big bond première of "Flicka"—admission by bonds only. It was a $500,000 première. Up to the time we were in Milwaukee, I had sold $7,000,000 worth of bonds but I had sold more because there were other speeches and broadcasts I made that hadn't been accounted for. I love selling bonds!

Wednesday, April 14: There was a huge luncheon given for all the children representatives of the various school papers. The lunch was held in the Fox projection room. I had to leave early for an appointment. Big dinner in the hotel tonight. Left for Chicago. Arrived at 10:30 and got on our train for Detroit at midnight. Bed! Ah!

Thursday, April 15: Arrived in Detroit at 7:45. Went to sleep during a breakfast at the Cadillac Hotel. Train rides—in fact, any kind of rides—make me sleepy. After breakfast went to a press luncheon. Afterwards I spoke to a very large audience at the Wayne University. Children's interview—and dinner. Went through the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel to Canada where I did a broadcast for some British children. Mummy and I wanted so much to go to Vancouver to see Daddy but we didn't have the time. I miss him so very, very much! Went back to Detroit.

Friday, April 16: Up at ten. Went to the Art Institute. Liked the El Grecos so very much. Then to the USO Canteen and talked to the boys. Appeared at the Fox Theater that night. An ordinary day.

Saturday, April 17: Left at 8:30 for Buffalo, New York. Met Mayor Joseph J. Kelly first at the City Hall. He was very nice to us. I went to the Lafayette Square where I sold bonds for the cruiser USS Buffalo. Then I made an appearance at the Chez Buffalo Theater. And after a broadcast, I went back to the Lafayette Square to sell more bonds.

Sunday, April 18: Went to church with the Fire Chief and his boy. After lunch I rode in a big tank in one of the largest parades ever performed. It took three hours. That tank was really something! At last we got to see Niagara Falls! I have never seen anything so wonderful. I threw a cent into the Falls. Then we went into Canada. Mummy shopped, of course.

Monday, April 19: Broadcast started the day. Spoke for 40 minutes to 9500 children at the Bennett High School, my biggest audience. Also had lunch there. The students gave me a medal for selling so many War Bonds. Another interview with children at the hotel. Left at 5:30 for Cleveland. Arrived there at 8:30 and had an interview. Also met the daughter of Claude Monet, the famous painter.

Tuesday, April 20: Did a broadcast for the Board of Education to 100,000 children. Also broadcast on "Mutual Goes Calling." Went to the Cleveland Stage Door Canteen and was on the stage for 45 minutes. I made an appearance at the Hippodrome.

Wednesday, April 21: Left for Toledo at 7:30. Arrived at 10:30 and was met by some WACS. Broadcast and talk for Libby

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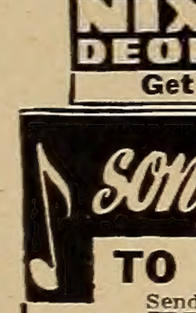

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High School. Appeared that evening at the Paramount Theater and USO Canteen.

Thursday, April 22: Left for Chicago at 9:30. Arrived 12:45. Went to the Chicago Art Gallery right away. Then I left for Des Moines. After we got back to the hotel from appearing at the Des Moines Theater, Mummy discovered we left "Happy," my Snow-White dwarf, back in Cleveland. She called Cleveland and found that Happy was sitting on the hotel manager's desk.

Friday, April 23: Interview and radio show. Met a Lt. Adams of the WACS at luncheon. She was in France when it fell and had a Croix de Guerre. Went to the State Capitol, met Governor Hippenlouper. Then to Fort Des Moines to have dinner with the WACS. What a time they gave me! Back to the hotel and packed. Arrived in Omaha at 11:20. What a trip this is!

Saturday, April 24: Went to sell the first E bond in Omaha. Then Mummy and I went shopping. Appeared on the Orpheum stage with Tommy Dorsey.

Easter Sunday: Went to church and then to Boys Town. A wonderful thrill—I met Father Flanagan and the Mayor of Boys Town. I talked to a lot of the boys. This is such a wonderful place! Went later to the Joslyn Memorial and saw five more El Grecos. Back to the hotel. Dinner—at last! Left Omaha for Denver. Bed—finally!

Monday, April 26: Arrived at 9. Met by the boys of the Colorado Military School. When we got to the hotel, there was "Happy" waiting for us. He'd had quite a trip. He's our good luck piece, you see. Met Governor Vivian at the Capitol. I stood on a little plaque on one of the Capitol steps which says, "You are now standing one mile above sea level!" Then to the Natural History Museum and through Lowery Field. Mr. Hoffman, who owns some of the theaters here, drove us to his home, Shangri-La, which is an exact copy of Shangri-La in "Lost Horizon." It is beautiful. Broadcast with Governor Vivian and appeared at the Denver Theater. Sold bonds in the booth.

Tuesday, April 27: We had two motorcycle cops who drove us all around Denver with the sirens blowing all of the time. It was such fun! Spoke at the East Side High School, the South Side High School, and at the East-West Side High School. Left Denver for San Francisco.

Wednesday, April 28: Train all day. School. Very peaceful. Ho hum!

Thursday, April 29: Arrived in Oakland and went on the ferry to San Francisco. We were met by the Fire Chief and rode in his car. I pushed the siren button all the way. Spoke at a Shrine luncheon and then went to the Mission School and made a speech. Also appeared later at the Warfield Theater. I went through the Mission Dolores.

Friday, April 30: Another speech at another high school. Appeared at the Orpheum Theater with Woody Herman. Mummy and I went for a drive up a 45-degree hill. Mummy just closed her eyes and said, "Tell me when we get to the top!" Left at 9 for Glendale.

Saturday, May 1: Arrived in Glendale. Home at last! It's been a wonderful trip but—"Home Sweet Home." Vee and Gordon met us at the station. I doubt if Vee knew much what happened since she only has eyes for Gordon. Girls in love are so funny! I'll have a few weeks off and then I'm going to start work at M-G-M with Irene Dunne in "White Cliffs." I'm certainly looking forward to that. I am so glad I took this trip because now I know America so well. It is a country, though, that no one can ever really know enough about. It is beautiful and colorful. If my trip did nothing else, it Americanized me.

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7 things you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

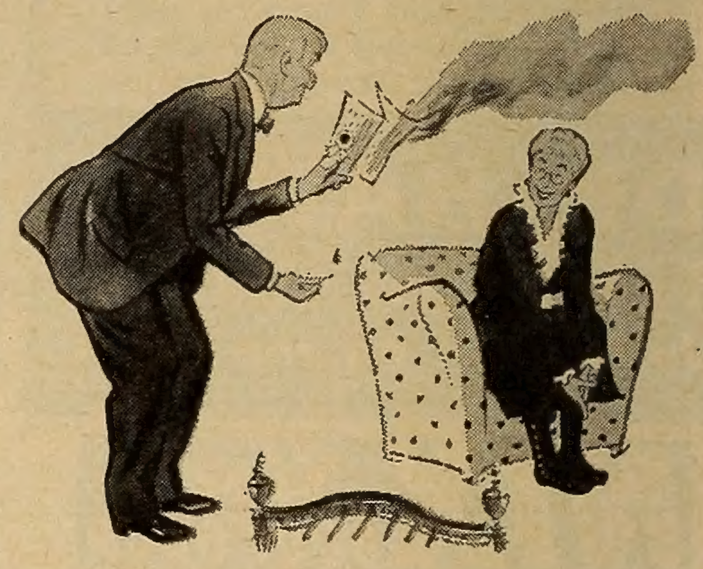
Don't buy a *thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.

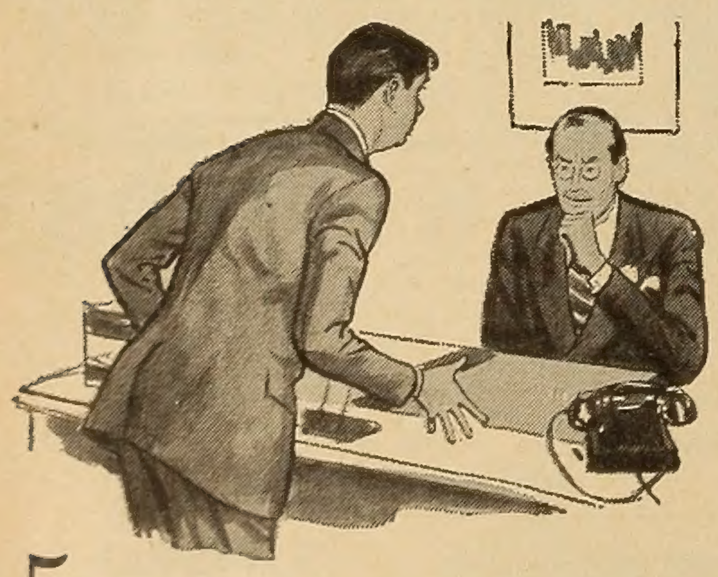
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



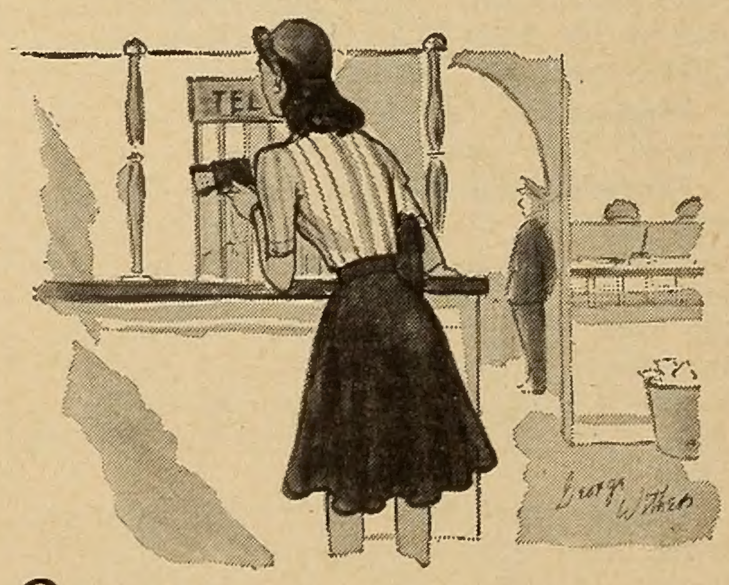
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!



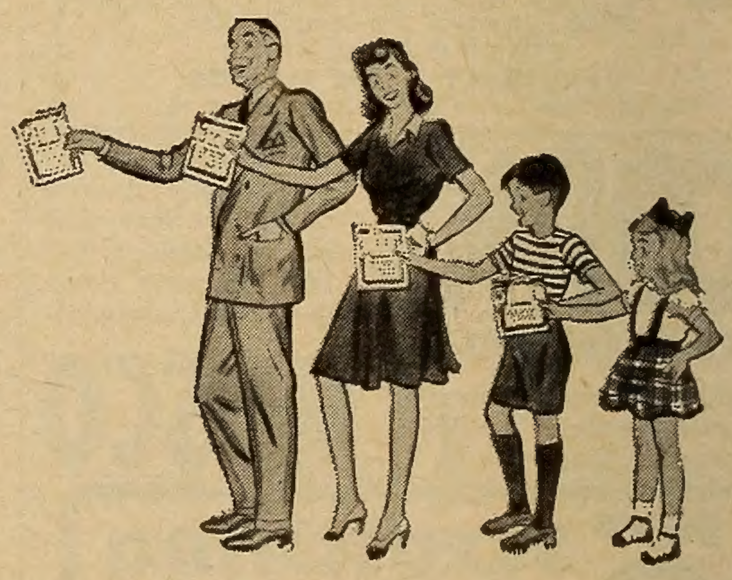
5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.



6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

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